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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE letter addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Crawford has naturally formed the subject of considerable discussion during the past week. The persistent critics who have, all through the session, followed the right hon. gentleman with unfriendly comments, have not failed to make the most of this document. They have found in it another proof of that want of temper, tact, and patience which they are so fond of imputing to him; and they have commented with great complacency upon the want of moral stamina displayed by a statesman who resigns the leadership of his party because he is beaten on an important division. So far as the latter charge goes, it appears to us to rest on no foundation whatever. Mr. Gladstone's letter does not, as we read it, amount to anything like a withdrawal from the position which he has hitherto occupied. It simply announces his determination not to proceed with the amendments now on the paper in his name, nor to give notice of others which he had intended to propose. Although, in his opinion, recent events render it prudent for him to abstain from taking the initiative in any further attempts to amend the Government Reform Bill, he expressly says that he is not less willing than heretofore to remain at the service of the Liberal party, and that when any suitable occasion shall arise, he will be ready, if it be their wish, to attempt concerted action upon this or any other point for the public good. All that he declines to do is to take action as the head of a powerful and united party, when he knows that he cannot depend upon his followers. The letter is, in fact, a sort of summons to the Liberal party to make up its mind; to decide whether it really has any common principles on which it can act; and to determine once for all whether it is or is not earnestly bent upon attaining the objects which it professes to have in view. Such a summons does not come a moment too soon. Indeed, we should have been glad if an earlier opportunity had offered for coming to that sort of understanding which is requisite to restore the organization, and to raise the morale of the party. Although it nominally possesses a majority in the House of Commons, that majority is composed of the most heterogeneous elements; and its apparent power is to a great extent a mere delusion. Elected under the auspices of Lord Palmerston his spirit still pervades it. With a large portion of its members the profession of Liberal principles is combined with the utmost disinclination to act upon them. Although nominally for Reform, they are in fact either indifferent or opposed to it; nor could any one who watched their conduct last year doubt that a crisis in the party must sooner or later arrive. Moderate as was the Reform Bill then introduced by Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, it is, we believe, impossible to exaggerate the distaste with which it was regarded by no inconsiderable portion of those who gave it a nominal support. The Adulterers were by no means the only unsound section of the body, and they had at any rate the merit of sincerity. Mr. Gladstone was made to feel in a hundred ways that many of those who voted with him did so unwillingly, and that they would be rather glad than otherwise to see him tripped up. It was this insincerity on the part of the followers, and not as is absurdly alleged, the dictatorial and offensive bearing of the leader, which was the real cause of the defeat of the measure

of last session. We do not care to maintain the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone's judgment, or the perfect sweetness of his temper. He is, in fact, too much in earnest—he has too noble an enthusiasm for the great objects on which he has set his heart—to play the mere game of politics with the coolness, the astuteness, the constant watchfulness of petty chances, and the careful avoidance of small mistakes, which is possible to a man who cares little or nothing for principles, and everything for the retention of office. But we should have heard little or nothing of his comparatively insignificant failings if it had not been for the one great offence of compelling the party to keep faith with the people, and at last to do something towards the fulfilment of their long neglected pledge to extend the suffrage to the working classes. That was the crime which aristocratic Whigs and easy going millionnaires could not forgive, and which they sought to punish by throwing all kinds of obstacles and mortifications in the way of the statesman whom they professed to follow as their leader.

The truth is, that although Mr. Gladstone is readily acknowledged as their leader by all true Liberals in the country, he has never been thoroughly the leader of what is called "the Liberal party" in the House of Commons. The Whigs witnessed his elevation with ill-concealed aversion, for he was not one of themselves. Those who are infected with the political indifference of Lord Palmerston, and admire Lord Melbourne's query, "Cannot you let it alone?" as the height of political sagacity, were not pleased to see the reins in the hands of a man who will not let things alone, because he only values power as the means of attaining large and beneficent ends. The consequence has been that Mr. Gladstone has been thwarted in every important step that he has attempted to take in reference to Reform. He was beaten by the aid of his own followers on Lord Dunkellin's amendment last year; and in the present session he was overruled when he desired to oppose the second reading of the Government Bill, he was defeated by the Tea-room meeting when he sought to impose terms upon going into Committee, and he was deserted when he joined issue with Mr. Disraeli immediately before the holidays. Not only has he been thus opposed and defeated by his nominal supporters, but this has happened under circumstances well calculated to give to the proceedings a character of cabal and treachery. We cannot wonder that he should feel it necessary to put an end to this state of things. It is no use pretending that there is a great Liberal party in the House of Commons, if that party cannot combine together on any single important occasion. It is worse than idle for Mr. Gladstone to act as if he were at the head of a majority when he is in fact only the leader of a minority. The country is in danger of being fatally deceived and misled if it is induced to rely upon those who may have the will, but have not the power, to enforce a thoroughly Liberal policy. It is therefore on every ground a matter for congratulation that Mr. Gladstone has taken a step which will not only clear up his own position, but which will in all probability lead to the reorganization of the party, and to a far sharper definition of its relations, not only to this, but to many other questions. When the issue is once raised in such a manner that it cannot be evaded, most of the deserters and the malcontents will fall again into line, and will act with fidelity, if not with any great goodwill, under the only possible Liberal chief. When it is found that Mr. Gladstone

cannot be had on any terms but his own, we have little fear but that these will be accepted, and that he will be allowed to exercise something more than a mere nominal headship, and to infuse something of his own spirit into the languishing frame of the body over which he is set. At any rate, the different sections of the party must now be brought fairly face to face with each other. There will be an end of ambiguity. Those who are not for us must declare against us. We shall either go on together in real instead of pretended harmony; or, having cast out the false and faint-hearted, we shall be able to set about recruiting our diminished ranks with those who will bring to the Liberal standard something better than mere lip-loyalty.

We have no doubt that the ultimate result of Mr. Gladstone's letter and of the attitude which he has assumed, will be very beneficial. But it is possible that some embarrassment may arise in the first instance. When the House reassembles next week, the Liberal members will find themselves without any programme, or any basis of united action. Opinions will most likely be divided as to the best course to pursue; for while some will find in Mr. Hibbert's amendment the best means of converting a bad into a good Bill, others may prefer the scheme of Lord Grosvenor, which, as we showed last week, will not be very different in its results from the plan embodied in Mr. Gladstone's propositions. The Government will of course find a temporary advantage in this state of things; but it is, on the other hand, fraught with considerable eventual peril to them. We hold it to be utterly impossible that their Bill should pass in its present form. If it emerges from Committee without considerable alterations, the Liberals must reject it on the third reading; and indeed we do not suppose that many of those who have stood aloof from us on the two recent occasions would then be wanting to their party allegiance. Mr. Disraeli is probably quite aware of this, and we can easily believe that, as Colonel Taylor intimated, he is personally in favour of removing the restrictions upon compound householders, and of conceding a lodger franchise. But he will find it difficult to induce his own party to follow him in the descent to household suffrage, unless he can prove to them that he is compelled to move in this direction by an irresistible Opposition pressure. If that pressure is not applied, he may find himself obliged to stand out for provisions which he is conscious may be fatal to the measure at a future stage. But however that be, it is clear that the first duty of the Liberal members on returning to London must be to discover who are or who are not prepared to act in concert under Mr. Gladstone, and to strengthen that right hon. gentleman's hands by every means in their power. The unequivocal expression of public opinion which his letter has evoked from the meetings held throughout the country during the week will probably render this no very difficult task, and we confidently expect that before the Government Reform Bill leaves the Lower House he will once more be in a position to resume active operations and to take the initiative at the head of a united and a really powerful party. But whether he be or be not during the present session matters comparatively little either to him or to us. The question of Reform cannot be thrust on one side by an arrangement amongst those who are indifferent or hostile to it. Other questions, too, press for settlement in a very different spirit from that which has lately governed our administration and legislation. Sooner or later, the chief power in the State is certain to fall to that statesman who represents more completely than any other the best thoughts and the most generous impulses of the age.

RUMOURS OF WAR.

SINCE we first noticed, three weeks ago, the dangerous aspect the rival claims of France and Prussia to the Luxembourg Duchy had begun to assume, events have rapidly hurried towards the catastrophe. Though even then we pointed out the obstacles in the way of any amicable arrangement, it could not be said that a settlement of the dispute was hopeless or indeed improbable. But the situation has since changed in many ways; the Bourses of Europe give marked indications, by fluctuating spasms of panic, of approaching danger; the air is full of rumours the most incredible and contradictory; even the most fervent worshippers of peace are compelled to admit that the Gordian knot can scarcely be cut otherwise than by the sword. Every day aggravates the quarrel between the two great military Powers of Central Europe. The newspapers, alike at Paris and Berlin, which were for some time inspired with prudent reticence or pacific language, have been restored their right of free speech, and use it boldly. On the part of

France, we have words of challenge; on the part of Germany, words of defiance. Concealment is no longer affected; respecting the vast military preparations in both countries. Prussia is massing her men on the left bank of the Rhine; while Napoleon is holding military councils, calling out the Reserve, and nearly doubling the exemption money for conscripts. Meantime neither Government makes any sign. Negotiations, though felt to be almost useless, have not got beyond the preliminary stage; there has been little or no formal discussion of the points in issue; France has not formulated her demand, nor Germany her answer. But if the rulers are silent, the peoples speak with tenfold passion and ardour. Here is precisely the danger to peace; for, as we pointed out on the first rumours of the dispute, neither Napoleon nor Bismarck can afford to run counter to the popular will: and the popular will of France sets dead against that of Germany. It is no longer merely M. Thiers or M. Favre that represents hostility to Prussia at Paris; a sort of Berserker rage seems, after some years of peaceful progress, to have seized on the French nation. All the long account of disappointment and envy which has mounted up for France since 1860 has now to be summed up and discharged; and that Power which has supplanted *la grand nation* as the champion of the European prize-ring is selected to pay the debt. On the other hand, the German people, proud of their newly-won unity, is quick to retort insult, and hails without misgiving the opportunity of measuring swords with an old enemy and oppressor. Hence on both sides national animosities are rekindled, and the memory of ancient feuds renewed. Prussia is minded of the time when the Great Frederick routed Soubise on the field of Rosbach; France, we may rest assured, has not forgotten Jena.

In the absence of any definite explanation of policy from either of the Powers concerned in the dispute, the curious are compelled to fall back on flying and contradictory stories of compromises and mediations. These are common enough and various enough to satisfy the most craving appetite for novelty, and probably are all equally without foundation in fact. But whether proposed or not, we cannot see in any one of the settlements talked of, the slightest approach to a possible adjustment of the rival claims to Luxembourg. That the duchy should remain, as hitherto, the property of the House of Orange Nassau, seems impracticable after the expressed anxiety of the King-Duke to get rid of his dangerous possession; at least, such a return to the past would satisfy nobody, and could only retard for a very brief period the inevitable resuscitation of the question. The simple cession to France is, we suppose, altogether put out of court for the present; but it has revived in another shape. It has been proposed, according to a rumour which we suspect is better founded than most which have lately been circulated, that the duchy shall be handed over by Holland to Belgium, and that the latter Power shall yield up to France the stronghold of Marienburg, and the small but important district lying between the Sambre and the Meuse. Either this arrangement, or a simple surrender of the duchy to Belgium, without any rectification of frontier in favour of Napoleon is, we venture to conjecture, the most probable shape in which the ultimatum of France will be couched. It is, however, manifestly open to the gravest objection. The Luxemburgers are Germans, ethnically and historically, and though under Dutch rule French has been used as the official language, the people are no more French than they are Greeks. To unite such a province with either France or Belgium, even though the arrangement were for a moment acquiesced in by all parties, would but sow the seed of a future and possibly a worse complication than the present. Of the other projected compromises, it is quite needless to speak. When Prussia is resolute not to yield, and France is eager to break her spirit, the most skilful combinations of diplomacy must be futile. For this reason we deprecated from the very first any interference on the part of our Foreign Minister in a matter where so much depends on feeling, and so little on tangible advantages or strict right. Apart from the risk of entanglement in a quarrel, while neither party can thoroughly command our sympathy, there is another and perhaps a weightier consideration. To whatever side we may incline in our mediation, we pledge that side to the validity of a certain claim. While France, if unbacked, might retire from an untenable position, the approval of the intervening Powers makes retreat impossible without dishonour. We fear, therefore, that if Lord Stanley has departed from his usual prudence, however benevolent his motive, he has only succeeded in embittering the conflict of national tempers. We freely acknowledge that we hope nothing from mediation, and but little from the prudence of the French Emperor or his astute rival, Bismarck.

In an action for real estate, "the man in possession" has an immediate and very great advantage. With respect to Luxembourg, Prussia occupies this desirable position, and thus is enabled to cast upon her antagonist the onus of commencing hostilities. But it remains to be seen how far Count von Bismarck is justified in maintaining a garrison in the fortress, for upon this point the opinion of jurists is likely to be divided. It is admitted that the Prussian tenure of Luxembourg was of a date slightly anterior to the completion of the Bundes-Acte, and that it was originally disconnected with the legal rights of the Confederation altogether. It was based, in fact, upon the right of Germany to secure the independence and integrity of German soil; and, though it afterwards formally merged in the duties and obligations of the Bund, it cannot justly be said that it was indissolubly connected with that organization. Prussia claims the right to keep fast her hold on Luxembourg on more than one ground. First, because the treaty with which the introduction of the Prussian garrison originated has never been abrogated; secondly, because King William is the heir and representative of the Confederation which he overthrew and supplanted; finally, because the hegemony of Prussia, subsisting on the free allegiance of Germany, carries with it a moral responsibility to secure German unity, and to defend German honour. On the other hand, the claim of the Dutch king to sell the duchy and of France to purchase it is based on the hypothesis that with the dissolution of the Bund the union between its component States disappeared, and the power of each individual ruler became supreme and absolute. Any moral right on the part of Germany to secure its unity is thus ignored, and the virtual right of conquest and subsequent possession which Prussia might claim in Luxembourg as fairly as in Hanover is passed over in silence. We trust that Lord Stanley has had no share in giving sanction to this decision. However technically right, it must be felt in Germany to be unjust. It is full time that both the sale of dominions and rectifications of frontier in contravention of the principles of nationality should be put an end to. We feel that France is clearly acting under the influence of a grasping and unprincipled ambition in seeking further acquisitions of territory, and we are confident that the good sense of the Emperor would, if possible, check the design. But there are times when the most powerful and politic rulers are hurried on like straws in the blast of the popular will. At such a crisis both France and Germany, we conceive, have arrived. Napoleon and Bismarck, though conscious of the ruinous risk of the game, have no choice save to commit themselves to the hazard of war.

If every overture in favour of peace should fail, as we fear it must fail, England can do no more than look sadly on at the wrestlings of ambitious rashness. It is not likely that either Italy or Austria will join in the contest, and Russia will probably be content to watch and wait for her opportunity in the East. If France and Germany fight they must doubtless fight singlehanded; and, perhaps, there was never a European war in which it was so difficult to estimate the chances of success on either side. In military preparation and in numbers the nations are most evenly matched. Each has its tried soldiers, its skilled strategists. Each is inspired with a martial spirit and a national enthusiasm. Probably the result will depend on generalship more than on any other element in our calculation; and even this must give a marked and irresistible superiority to one side or other in order that any definite conclusion may be attained. Otherwise the struggle will rather resemble the American Civil War than any European contest since 1815. It must be obstinate, internecine, and cannot in the end secure very material advantages to either party. Without the absolute overthrow of one or other belligerent the fury of war may rage for years over the fairest portion of Europe; and if either side be utterly vanquished the European Commonwealth must receive important alterations. If Paris suffer a renewal of the degradation of "the Year of the Allies," France must undergo changes of dynasty and government of which no one can forecast the effect. If Berlin be reduced once more to the miseries of 1806, the unity of Germany will disappear, and a fatal blow will be dealt at the progress and prosperity of the Continent.

HOW TO LEAD A PARTY.

THE recent remarkable issue of the race between the hare and the tortoise, in which the former was defeated, has set that animal's many friends (chiefly of the profession of journalism) at work upon the ungracious office which is proverbially associated with the miseries of Job. We would fain

essay a less thankless and more profitable task. If he is happy (as a recondite authority in the Latin Syntax informs us) to whom the dangers of others teach caution, it is also possible, we hope, to derive from the successes of others some lessons of wisdom likely to be of advantage at a future time. There has rarely been in the political history of this country a more curious combination of events than that which has made the author of "Vivian Grey," for the moment, the greatest man in England, and has given to a party, inferior in numbers, in influence, and (most conspicuously) in Parliamentary and Administrative ability, a strong and commanding position. Little more than twenty years ago, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli was a literary celebrity, it is true, but a political nobody; of so little account that Sir Robert Peel, who was not a man to overlook Parliamentary talent in any members of his party, treated him with absolute contempt. But this neglected private, whose merit was unrecognised by the marshal in command, felt that he carried a *bâton* in his knapsack, and longed for the opportunity to call forth the power that was in him. The free-trade policy of their leader, initiated in 1842, introduced a spirit of mutiny into the Conservative ranks; and it was not long before a voice, which was really that of personal spite and disappointment, became loud in simulating the accents of outraged patriotism, and proclaiming the wrongs of British industry. Sir Robert Peel had reckoned without his host. He had in good time sent Lord Stanley to the Upper House, out, as he fondly hoped, of harm's way. Whatever seemed to remain of dangerous ability, except the too scrupulous Gladstone, he had attracted into a devoted personal following; and even of Mr. Gladstone he rightly calculated that he could make sure, when the repeal of the Corn Laws was to be boldly undertaken. He little suspected that the Jockey Club was to send forth the Achilles, and Arabia the Ulysses, by whom his Troy should be overthrown. By such chiefs was the momentous end achieved; and the Agamemnon of Knowsley had little more to do than give the word of battle and look on at the contest.

It is a curious evidence of the equivocal position which Mr. Disraeli held even then, that, up to the time of Lord George Bentinck's death, he had never been brought into intimate communication with Lord Derby. But that event opened to him a future, for which he prepared himself with wonderful foresight and dexterity. For about four years before his lamented death, Sir Robert Peel sat on the front Opposition bench (where he was occasionally elbowed by Mr. Feargus O'Connor); but he could not be called, in any sense, the leader of the Opposition. He generally confined himself to giving Lord John Russell good advice, which that self-relying statesman took rather ungraciously. The Opposition, though not forming a united party, acted together in the debate on Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, in 1850; and, considering that Sir Robert Peel so far forgot the insults he had received as to cheer the speech Mr. Disraeli delivered on that occasion, it was not impossible that some reconciliation between the officers of the Conservative army and the soldiers who had deserted them almost *en masse* might ultimately have been brought about. The death of Sir Robert Peel the same year spoilt that chance, and made the ground clear, at the same time, for Mr. Disraeli's game. And now he began to play it boldly. He knew very well that protection was as dead as his ancestor Abraham, but he kept that conviction to himself. He wanted to be a great party leader. To be so, one must have a party to lead,—a condition of which some of our Liberal contemporaries lost sight last year, when they encouraged divisions among the Liberals. They have never honestly confessed the error; though several of them, we are glad to note, now give some indications of resipiscence. In order, however, to convert the Protectionist section into the Tory party, and come into the reversion of all the great traditions connected with that name, several of the rank and file, who had remained faithful to Sir Robert Peel, had still to be gained over. But Mr. Disraeli had no desire that the officers (a few excepted) should come with the men. Lawyers, like Thesiger and Kelly, were received with welcome; but Graham and Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert, and Cardwell, and Lord Lincoln, would have been *de trop*. To keep these men where they were, motions in a strong Protectionist sense were made in the House of Commons from time to time, and served the additional purpose of keeping what Mr. Disraeli called "the country party" together, and of inuring them to party warfare. They were not dispirited by defeats, because, though always left in a minority, it was a minority that was constantly adding to its numbers, and, though not converting itself into a majority, constantly tending towards that end.

The prospect of the Government of the British empire falling into such hands became every day less and less visionary, and

was at length a realized fact in the early part of 1852. At this point Mr. Disraeli narrowly escaped a great rebuff. In the first place, Lord Derby made an effort to gain over Mr. Gladstone, and if he had succeeded, of course, Mr. Disraeli's part in the House of Commons would have been that of second fiddle, not perhaps quite tuned to concert pitch. In the second place, the ungrateful party which he had done so much to recreate out of chaos had some hesitation in according to him the position to which his merits and services entitled him. But their objections were contemptuously overruled by Lord Derby, and Mr. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. It was scarcely a misfortune to him personally that the Government was turned out before the end of the same year; because if it had managed to come safe through that critical division, Lord Palmerston would probably have joined it, and Mr. Disraeli would have had to serve under him. Since then he has led the Opposition during two periods of Liberal Administration, amounting together to about twelve years, and, considering the composition of his forces, it cannot be denied that he has done so with courage and ability. In office the less creditable features of his character have been brought into a strong light, though the resumption of office has saved him, once certainly, and possibly twice, from losing altogether the lead of his party. As a party leader he has carefully observed all those rules of conduct which he unsparingly satirized in Sir Robert Peel, and has of late done his best to copy the manner of Lord Palmerston, which, during that nobleman's lifetime, he sometimes ventured to criticise. Thus his policy is "an organized hypocrisy," and his favourite weapon in debate is what he, with affected purism, stopped short of calling "chaff." He has judiciously selected his Tapers and Tadpoles; and Sir Robert Peel's best whip, Mr. (now Sir) John Young, did not approach the unrivalled qualifications of Colonel Taylor. The paucity of those whom it is possible, without gross flattery, to call statesmen in the Tory party, has enabled Lord Derby to gratify the ambition of nearly all his influential allies, and the Marneys, and Killcroppys, and Fitz-Aquitaines, are now all in the Cabinet. This, which is a source of administrative weakness, is one of great party strength, and its effects were evident in the late division. It leaves such a man as Lord Cranborne with next to no personal influence; and even a sulky Sandford cannot venture to take the liberty of voting out a Ministry which includes his wife's ducal brother-in-law among its members.

Mr. Disraeli's ostentatious deference to Lord Derby is rather amusing. The *Res meus* is everything; the *ego* nothing. But it has the useful effect of keeping up cordial feelings between both leaders, and also of reconciling many members of the party to things which they would scarcely accept on Mr. Disraeli's individual authority. But, in fact, it is not to Lord Derby alone, or even only to the great lords of the party, that Mr. Disraeli is lavish of courtesy. Like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, he believes in "booin'." He is affably confidential with his own followers, and he overflows with compliments even to Liberals. Besides, he thoroughly understands the clubbable character of his fellow-members, and affects that tone of easy morality, shocked at nothing, which commends itself to so many of them. It cannot be denied that he leads his party well, and we hope he will lead it as long as he lives. But to lead a party is one thing, and to govern the country is another. The latter is a task to which Mr. Disraeli is unequal.

THE REFORM DEMONSTRATIONS.

The Easter recess has this year been no political holiday. The conflict of parties suspended in the House of Commons has been adjourned to the country; and the interval of legislative debate has been filled up by a series of popular demonstrations. It is equally easy to exaggerate or to underestimate the importance of the meetings which have been held throughout the country for the purpose of discussing the Government Bill. Our daily contemporaries have furnished us with the most conflicting accounts of the numbers present, and of the spirit and earnestness displayed; but the *animus* of many of the unfavourable reports is too evident to be overlooked, and after making every fair deduction from those which may be credited with a contrary tendency, there is every reason to treat the great meetings at Birmingham, Leeds, and other places as very substantial manifestations of popular discontent with the provisions of the Government Bill. We should indeed be surprised if that measure had not called forth demonstrations of the kind, for the discussions of the last few weeks have so thoroughly exposed its trickiness and dishonesty that all who take any interest in political subjects must be aware of its

total inadequacy to settle this long-pending question. It is still less matter of astonishment that it should have been thought desirable to bring the influence of great popular gatherings to bear upon the House of Commons at the present time. If ever an assembly courted agitation, it is the one which now sits at Westminster. By its conduct, both during the last and the present session, it has done all that lies in its power to spread a general conviction that it is only through agitation that the unenfranchised masses can obtain a fair consideration of their claims; while it has created a not less general impression that to agitation almost anything may be conceded. The palpable insincerity displayed by both sides of the House in dealing with the subject of Parliamentary Reform has invited the pressure which might have been averted by timely concessions; and although we would willingly have seen the deliberations of the Legislature unfettered by external influences, we cannot help feeling that at the present moment those influences are absolutely necessary in order to secure a measure which may give something like permanent satisfaction to the country. It is, of course, natural enough that those recent and reluctant converts to Reform who are now inspired with a feverish desire to pass a Bill of some kind, without reference to its contents, should be impatient of anything which promises to interfere with the progress of the Government measure; but for our own part we do not hesitate to say that it would be far better to have all the evils of another year's agitation rather than to allow an illusory scheme to be hurried through Parliament, with the certainty of its sowing the seeds of future discontent and irritation. We do not, however, believe that the recent demonstrations will have that effect. The Government and the House of Commons have learnt, by bitter experience, that the country is in earnest on this matter; and we have little fear that they will accept the hints supplied them by the recent meetings, and will act upon them in such a manner as may render any further appeal to the country unnecessary.

The meeting at Birmingham has attracted the largest share of public attention from the presence of Mr. Bright. The hon. member addressed his constituents with his usual eloquence, and his dissection of the Government Bill was both vigorous and effective. Nothing could be more clear or more irresistible than his exposure of its unjust and unequal operation; and we quite go along with him in his observations on the absurdity of passing this measure with a view eventually to arrive at household suffrage by the repeal of its principal provisions. But his speech is certainly open to the observation that it deals too much with the past, and too little with the present and the future. It is all very well to denounce the tactics of Mr. Disraeli, to expose the insincerity that prevails amongst the so-called members of the Liberal party, and to express regret that a bolder and more decided stand was not made against the second reading of the Government measure. But what we want is some advice as to the course which should be pursued on the responsibility of Parliament; and on this point Mr. Bright was singularly reticent. He showed very clearly that Mr. Gladstone's propositions were far more liberal than those of his opponent; and he successfully vindicated the course taken by the minority in the recent division. But he did not lay down any line of policy for the future. We cannot discover whether he is of opinion that it is desirable to adhere to the principle of a "hard and fast line," drawn at a very low rating figure; or that, after what has taken place, the true course for the Liberal party is to adopt Mr. Hibbert's amendment, and to do everything in their power to abolish the restrictions upon the new voters, and to place the compounder below £10 on the same footing as the compounder above that sum. On this all-important matter the speeches of Mr. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld, at Leeds, are far more explicit. Both these hon. members concur in thinking that the time for drawing rating or rental lines is past; that the establishment of household suffrage is the end to be kept in view; and that this is to be attained by the adoption of Mr. Hibbert's amendment, with such other provisions as may be requisite to put all classes of rated householders in precisely the same position. Their opinions were apparently endorsed, both by the meetings which they addressed, and by others which have been held in various parts of the country; and, indeed, we are bound to admit that the set of public opinion is decidedly in that direction. For our own part we have nothing to retract on the point. We cordially supported Mr. Gladstone's proposed £5 rating franchise, because we believed that that was the most and the best that could be got from the present House of Commons. But we feel, and always have felt as strongly as any one, the many objections which exist to a hard pecuniary line. We agree with Mr. Forster that it is better

to base the franchise not upon the value of the house in which a man lives, but "on the principle that he is the head of a family;" nor would any one rejoice more than we should to see that principle adopted. Our only misgiving is as to the possibility of inducing even the Liberal party to adopt it with unanimity. But if that difficulty be surmounted, it might be advisable to concentrate our efforts on a proposition which would certainly establish the suffrage on the widest and most popular basis. We are not without hope that this may now be done with success. Even the sincere but moderate Reformers, like Mr. Baines, who adhere most strenuously to the notion of a fixed rating or rental qualification, must be convinced that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to secure that object; the Adullamites have hitherto shown no fondness for Mr. Disraeli's plan of imposing a "fine" upon the compound householder; and a considerable number of the Liberals who opposed Mr. Coleridge's "instruction," or voted with the Government on the recent division, would give a cordial support to Mr. Hibbert. When we consider how little the country seems disposed to countenance the £5 rating scheme, it is certainly more than doubtful whether it is desirable again to press it upon the House of Commons. It has been offered to the Conservatives, and rejected by them. It is only in the nature of things that they should end by accepting a far more Radical measure under the pressure of the popular demonstrations which they have provoked.

The borough franchise has, as might have been expected, engrossed the attention of all the meetings which have been held during the week. No expression of public opinion has yet taken place with respect either to the county franchise or to the redistribution of seats; and it would be useless to conceal from ourselves that without such an expression both are likely to give rise to some difficulties, and that the latter will probably lead to considerable division in the Liberal camp. If, however, the union of the party can be restored there are no insurmountable obstacles in the way of a settlement during the present session. In that case the Ministry will most probably yield rather than risk a dissolution. This, therefore, is the first point to aim at; and there is every reason to believe that we shall be materially assisted in arriving at it by the recent meetings. At one and all of them the name of Mr. Gladstone was received with the utmost enthusiasm; and those who have lately held aloof from him must by this time be convinced that the course they have taken is not likely to contribute to their popularity or to increase the security of their seats. The right hon. gentleman will certainly meet Parliament next week with such an addition to his strength as cannot fail to be conferred by the warmly-expressed confidence and approval of vast masses of his countrymen. The earnestness, the eagerness, and the enthusiasm which disgust an apathetic House of Commons, go straight to the hearts of the people; and will secure for him an influence and a power against which Tea-room combinations and small intrigues with Colonel Taylor cannot prevail. The Easter holidays have happened most opportunely this year. If they had not intervened, it is quite possible that the Government might have reaped substantial advantages from their brilliant victory of Saturday week. But the Liberal members have now had time to reflect upon the course it becomes them to pursue and upon the disastrous consequences which must ensue from playing into the hands of the enemy, as they did during the early part of the session. We may venture to hope, that the recent demonstrations will not be without use in assisting them to arrive at a sound conclusion, and in imparting to them sufficient public spirit to act upon it, with energy and with a single eye to the national interest.

OUR STATE PRISONERS.

A VERY remarkable document, purporting to consist of extracts from the diary of one of the Fenian prisoners now confined at Portland, has recently appeared in a Dublin weekly journal, and has been extensively reproduced by the Irish press. Nothing could give us more pleasure than to believe that this document was a mere fabrication, or at most a tissue of distorted and discoloured exaggerations. But while, on the one hand, we cannot accept it as an entirely truthful description of the life of English State prisoners, we cannot, on the other, reject it as absolutely untrue. The allegations contained in it have not, as far as we can learn, met with any contradiction, official or otherwise; and this fact becomes important if we remember that when, some short time since, a statement that one of the Fenian prisoners had been flogged appeared in the Irish papers, it was at once contradicted on the authority of the officers of the Government. If the statements in this diary contain even a basis of fact, overlain

by we care not what amount of exaggeration, then the matter is one demanding the immediate attention of the rulers, Parliamentary and otherwise, of this country. If it be true that the food given to these prisoners is often disgusting and always insufficient, that men suffering from painful diseases are compelled to work at the hardest labour, that a favourite punishment consists in depriving a man of his flannels in mid-winter, that officers brutally maltreat a wretched convict who, being almost blind, cannot perform as much work as others; if all these things, or indeed if one of all these things be true, Spielberg must have been a paradise compared with Portland, Austria a gentler gaoler than England, and the fate of Silvio Pellico a happier one than that of the English political convict in 1867. Poor Silvio had at least a companion in his misery, but the Governor of Portland is more inexorable than the Kaiser; no friendly Maroncelli is permitted to share the cell and cheer the gloom of any of the Irish Carbonari. The blocks at which the ordinary prisoners at Portland work are only two yards apart and conversation between their occupants is permitted. The Fenian prisoners were first ordered to converse in a tone loud enough for the warders to hear all that was said, then were directed to speak in a low tone, and were finally forbidden to speak to each other at all. At Woking the rule of absolute non-intercommunication with fellow-men was not strictly adhered to, for there we learn from the diarist that "Mr. Kickham, a man of refinement and genius, was associated with a monster in human form; the sufferings he endured in consequence are too shocking to more than barely allude to." The diarist goes on to relate still greater horrors. He alleges that the first employment of the political prisoners at Portland was washing the prisoners' clothes in a room the temperature of which was 140 degrees, and that one of the wretched men fainted from loathing. The tools furnished them for stone-breaking were, he says, so bad that one prisoner broke two of his fingers. Lynch, a man notoriously in miserable health before his sentence, was deprived of his flannels for some offence, and this induced a severe attack of lung disease, from which he died shortly afterwards. Other prisoners were punished by seven days' bread and water for merely speaking to each other. Indeed, they had not been an hour in Portland when they had a foretaste of the life they were about to lead. "On our arrival," says the diarist, "we were kept one hour stripped naked waiting for inspection by the doctor, and when any one of us began to make a statement with reference to his health, he was rudely told to hold his tongue." And all these things were done in an English prison within a short distance of London—of London, the centre of what Miss Cobbe calls Decemnovarianism, the sacred city of the Humanitarians. Is it too much to say that if such things had been done in Austria or Spain the press of England would now be ringing with eloquent and well-merited invectives against cruelties so atrocious?

But even supposing that this diarist of the *Irishman* is a myth or a liar; supposing that the punishments inflicted on the Fenian prisoners were amply justified by misconduct on their part, one great fact remains unquestioned, namely, that men found guilty of political offences are now suffering in English prisons the discipline devised by our legislators for the chastisement and reformation of the burglar and the garotter. Had Mr. Luby and his associates been found guilty twelve or fifteen years since, they would have been happy prisoners of State. In those days our prisoners were the *enfants gâtés* of the Legislature. When Mr. Carlyle visited one of our prisons of the "exemplary or model kind," he cried out in anger, that no duke in England was lodged, fed, tended, taken care of with such perfection as the "miserable distorted blockheads" there confined. Now the wheel has come full turn, the benevolent-platform fever has worn itself out, and we have abandoned the system which filled our jails with oily hypocrites and our streets with garotters. Now the English convict lies hard, is fed hard, and works hard; the crank and the treadmill again revolve merrily, and free use is made of the cat as a punishment for insubordination. It may or it may not be that we have plunged from one extreme into another, but granting that all this severity is necessary to keep our scoundrelism in order, why should the same hard measure be extended to our political prisoners? The two great ends of punishment ought to be to reform the offender, and to deter others from imitating his example. Does any one imagine that the hard fare and hard treatment at Portland will make the Fenian prisoners see the error of their ways? And as to the deterring influences of punishment for political offences, all history tells us of what little avail it is. Spielberg did not extinguish the Carbonari; nor has a hundred years of Siberia and the knout killed the spirit of Poland. Indeed, if great severity deterred men from rebellion

we would have no Fenian prisoners to perplex us now, and Ireland would have been a peaceful and contented country long ago.

Nothing has so much tended to promote disaffection in Ireland as the fact that every generation finds in the one preceding it some sufferers for the popular cause who are everywhere held up as worthy objects of imitation. The Fenian prisoners, now every day increasing in number, promise to be to the next generation of Irishmen what Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were to this. The other day it was proved before a Parliamentary Committee that at an Irish election a gentleman, addressing a mob assembled at a place called Mullinahone, adjured them to vote for the popular candidate "by the sacred name of Charles Kickham, now pining in Pentonville dungeons;" the Mr. Kickham thus invoked being one of the Fenian convicts. The Irish martyrology is in all conscience bulky enough already, without being further swelled by the names of Mr. Kickham and his friends. The Fenian prisoners, generally speaking sincere but blind and uneducated fanatics, are not, we trust, to be elevated into popular heroes by unjustly inflicted sufferings. Of course, we grant that it is necessary that they should be secluded, or at any rate kept out of Ireland for years to come. The difficulties in the way of regenerating that unfortunate country are assuredly sufficiently numerous already, without being complicated by the presence of a host of returned Fenian prisoners. But, we repeat, that the necessity of keeping these men out of Ireland is no excuse for submitting them to a punishment obviously designed to meet offences of quite another class. For the American filibusters—some of them, perhaps, actuated by motives sufficiently pure, but most of the same stamp as the scoundrels who followed Walker to Nicaragua—no punishment is too severe; but for the native prisoners, we cannot help thinking that they might be dealt with much more leniently.

The fact is that we all feel we have no right to inflict any inordinate punishment on these Fenian prisoners. No one can justify their conduct; but are we without blame? We have treated Ireland with six centuries of oppression, followed by a short period of neglect—are we to be surprised if such husbandry produce sample harvests of discontent and rebellion? We have tried hanging, shooting, flogging, banishing; all have failed. Might we not try a little active good government as a change? Some men say that so naturally perverse is the Irish nature that the race would be turbulent and rebellious under any system of government. Even if this be true, it in no way alters our plain and simple duty. When we have established in Ireland a land system under which it is possible for men in that country to live, when we have granted every reasonable demand made on us by the people of Ireland, then we can treat insurrection in Ireland with a clear conscience and a strong hand. Then we shall be in no doubt as to the character of the man who disturbs that country; we shall know him, not as what the Irish rebel of to-day possibly is, an honest and patriotic man, but as a seditious and troublesome scoundrel, between whom and us the sooner chaos is put the better for both. Govern Ireland well, and then let there be a long rope and a short shrift for all disturbers of the peace there; but until we have done our duty by the land, let us not visit with penalties of outrageous severity the wretches whose insanities are the legitimate offspring of our own misgovernment.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT DOVER.

ON Monday our volunteers changed the scene of their Easter Review, and held it at Dover, where they co-operated for the first time with regular troops and with ships of war, in making a pacific demonstration of England's "might." Long may their demonstrations be of this character. There is no purpose to which we can put our brave defenders which will be so agreeable to all parties—the defenders, we hope, included—as this annual festival. On such an occasion the burning of gunpowder is a laudable and delightful exercise. It pleases every one and it hurts nobody. When the use of gunpowder shall, in the course of human progress, arrive at a state of perfection, this will be its invariable attribute. Its explosion will be an encouragement to trade, and it will give the uninitiated an impressive idea of the sublimities of war, without any of its horrors. Nothing can be more delightful to minds whose martial ardour has been nourished upon historical novels, or the military correspondence of the daily papers, than to be able to take a return ticket for a few shillings, and in one day to enjoy the pleasure of an excursion which includes a whiff of the sea breezes and a palpable realization, on a small scale, of

"the big wars that make ambition virtue." This is perhaps a mean and prosaic view to take of Monday's festival. But we sincerely trust that it is a view we shall long be permitted to take. And when we put, on one hand, the pecuniary results enjoyed by that unfortunate company, the London, Chatham, and Dover, and the stimulus given to the currency at all the extremities between which the volunteers were carried to and fro, we feel that our volunteers achieved on that day a far greater victory than if they had cut the throats of and disembowelled twenty thousand Frenchmen, twenty thousand Prussians, or five hundred and fifty thousand Italians. Properly considered, the occasional explosion of the munitions of war is beneficial, inasmuch as it shows how religiously such abominable resources ought to be avoided. When our volunteers have indicated how much mischief and misery a Palisser shot and an Armstrong gun combined are capable of producing—though the real part of the work must be left to the imagination—they have done all that we shall ever willingly ask of them. And the lesson is salutary. Bold and fortunate adventurers, bent on founding a dynasty here, or an empire there, make no scruple of sweeping a hundred thousand men, or two, off the face of the earth, to make good a reputation, or to extend a position. But such havoc is poor evidence of progress and enlightenment. It bears witness to the unyielding vitality of that barbarism on which we lavish our contempt so freely when we read of its doings in the records of the dark ages. Happily, we "shopkeepers" have no ambition of this kind. We have sown our wild oats. We have resigned muscular Christianity into the hands of the clergy, and we have set ourselves resolutely to the task of working out our vocation as a rational people. We have closed our ears against the fascination of the "spirit-stirring drum" and "the ear-piercing fife." And we have said that unless we are driven in spite of ourselves into a brutal abuse of these agreeable instruments, we will only listen to them on such occasions as that which we witnessed on Monday. We will play at war, not as kings have played at it, in the persons of their subjects, but in the persons of our peaceful volunteers. We will take our return ticket on Easter Monday and go down to Brighton, or Dover, or Portsmouth, and witness the operations of war as becomes people who live in the nineteenth century. The butcherly part of the business we will leave to France or Prussia, or any one else who likes it. Till we are absolutely forced to undertake the barbarities of war, we shall devote ourselves solely to its picturesque features. A volunteer review is a graceful and pleasing exhibition. It is war in kid gloves; and if the skies are propitious, there is no better or healthier way of making holiday.

But it is a holiday which has a double aspect. The Duke of Wellington spoke of the lads who joined his army fresh from Eton and Harrow, and played their part in the game of war as heartily and fearlessly as if it had been a game at cricket. If they had gone through the training our volunteers have had, they would have been all the better for it. But those were days when little was needed to dispose the young Englishman to a chivalrous career. We live in very different times. We have withdrawn from our costly connection with our European brothers and sisters. When we left poor little Denmark, whom we pretended to love so well, to be bullied, thrashed, and plundered by two of his big brothers, it is infinitely improbable that we shall now interfere to keep the peace between the new combatants who are stripping for the fight. Come what may in the family of nations, we shall go on, as long as we can, buying and selling, and burning our gunpowder harmlessly. We may be told that by this peaceful policy we have forfeited our position in the family, and that its broils will be settled henceforth without any respect for the opinion of a brother who thinks of nothing but trade, and commerce, and industry. We have no objection to this arrangement. Now that Lord Russell is laid on the shelf, we shall offer our advice only when it is asked, and we shall not lose our temper if it is not taken. We shall continue to show our brother nations how a sensible member of the family should conduct himself. That is the part we have chosen; but let it not be supposed that we are not ready to take up a very different one if it is forced upon us. The young men who went down to Dover on Monday to go through their sham fight are quite ready to turn to in earnest whenever there is occasion. They did not then give proof for the first time of their ability to do all that drilling can enable men to do. For the rest, it runs in the blood. All sorts of peaceful vocations contributed volunteers to Monday's festival; and we have no doubt that whenever our citizen-soldiers have to engage in a real battle, they will be able to give a good account of their enemy.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILLS.

If we are to take the three Bills on the subject of Bankruptcy which have been brought in by the legal advisers of the present Government as a fulfilment of the promise made in the Queen's Speech, we readily admit that so large a reform of one branch of the law is sufficient for the work of a single session. We were disappointed when the Attorney and Solicitor-General met Sir Roundell Palmer's speech with carping and evasion. We think even now that it is a pity to let the legal business of the country stagnate for want of judges and practical arrangements. As we read the complaints made by barristers and reporters on the Midland Circuit, and hear that the climate of Leeds is nearly as favourable as the climate of London to the growth of *remanets*, we ask why no steps are taken for the redistribution of circuits, and why palliatives, in the shape of the Judges Chambers Bill, are all that the Government can offer. But the new Bankruptcy Bills show that the work of reform has been begun. Although the consolidation of good statute law, and the repeal of much that is bad, will not have a material effect on the present arrears of work, the future quantity of needless work will be greatly diminished. At present the number of composition deeds which are being pleaded in bar to the claims of creditors, and which may be held bad even if they comply with the Acts, or valid if they depart from them, cannot safely be computed. The law is so uncertain that it is a mere toss-up whether a deed will be considered void or valid. A deed may be utterly bad and the creditor may know it, yet if he has arrested his debtor, the deed is good as a protection. It has been held that the certificate of registration is perfect, although the deed registered may be worthless. It has been held that the sheriff is bound to discharge the debtor whom he has taken under a *ca sa*, although the debtor has nothing to show but the certificate of registration. The result is that men execute worthless deeds, let judgment go by default, and then throw themselves on their protection. Anything more scandalous than the way in which the Act of 1861 lent itself to defaulters is not to be conceived. One would think that the object of the law was to put a premium on dishonesty.

The especial merit of the present Bills is that they begin by repealing all the former Acts. We have more than once declared that, in our opinion, this is the only way to legislate. Instead of being referred to an Act of 1831 for the appointment of the officials, to an Act of 1849 for the disposition of the bankrupt's property, and to an Act of 1861 for the system of deeds of arrangement, we have the vast convenience of finding the whole subject collected and digested. Provisions which experience has shown to be unwise are swept away. Others which are only imperfect are mended, and conspicuous flaws are guarded against in the casting. This can be done easily when the whole system is remodelled. It is impossible when a mere patch is added. Although the old proverb says that patch upon patch is beggary, that result has not hitherto been avoided by our legislators. The many new features introduced into the law of bankruptcy by the present Bill make it essential that there should be one clear scheme before us to be approved or rejected. If Parliament does not wish to let creditors manage the estate of their debtor, and to let the debtor compound with his creditors to their mutual advantage, it has only to decide against the principle of the Bill. We do not imagine that it will do so, but if it did we should at all events know what it wanted. What is fatal to sound legislation is the habit of bringing in a little bit of a Bill to amend another little bit of a Bill. We will say that some existing Act is found unsatisfactory. It is generally known that the Act cannot be interpreted, that it causes confusion and injustice, that rogues escape under it, and honest men lose their money. A Bill is brought in to amend the Act. But Government does not want to have the principle of the Act questioned, it does not want to settle the whole law in the present state of parties, it only wants to redress the most crying grievances. Accordingly, three or four very good clauses are submitted to the House, the House is assured that these clauses will make the Act work, and the Government has no objection to adopt any reasonable amendments. In Committee some amendments are adopted, and are certainly reasonable in themselves. But when the judges have to interpret the old Act, of which nothing has been repealed, with the amending clauses which have themselves been amended, it is found that the alterations have no reference to the Act, and that it is impossible to read the two together. By not following this principle, the framers of the new Bankruptcy Bills have deserved well of their profession, and, if no other reward awaits them, their example ought to be followed.

Amidst much which is chiefly repetition of former Acts, the

new law introduces an entirely new procedure. Instead of giving the Court of Bankruptcy the absolute command of the bankrupt's property, it vests this power in the creditors. Formerly the Court did what was right in its own eyes, and what was very often wrong in the eyes of others. It appointed an official assignee, who collected the property and sold it; but as it was his profession to be official assignee for property in general, he had no interest in each particular property. The consequence was that the sale was a mere matter of form to the creditors interested in the assets, and had a substantial result to the professionals interested in the sale. By the new law, the creditors are to appoint a trustee and two inspectors, who are to be approved by the Court. In fact, the management is to pass to the creditors, while the Court retains the supervision. This is evidently the true function of a Court, and it is enough for any Court to undertake. The law will be administered all the better for this separation of the judicial from the executive. Moreover, while the Court is deprived of its former powers, it is intrusted with fresh duties which more strictly belong to it. The most important of these is the jurisdiction over composition deeds which is given to the Court. Under the Act of 1861, any man finding himself unable to pay his debts in full could enter into a deed of arrangement with a majority in number, representing three-fourths in value, of his creditors whose debts amounted to £10 and upwards. This deed was to be registered, with certain formalities, within twenty-eight days from its execution, and if these formalities were observed, and the deed itself complied with certain other provisions, it was binding on the rest of the creditors. As we have already shown, this system led to frauds innumerable. A man bought goods on credit while he was actually drawing up his deed of arrangement. He admitted friends as creditors, without owing them a penny. He attempted to exclude non-assenting creditors from the sole remedy left them by an Act which seemed the work of their enemies. In all such cases the creditors were driven to the expense of an action. By the new law, the Court of Bankruptcy is to be consulted from the first on all deeds of arrangement. The debtor is to file his deed in court seven days after execution. He is to file in court four days afterwards a list of his creditors, with the amount of their respective debts, and is to verify the list by affidavit. When the deed is assented to by a majority in number, and three-fourths in value of the creditors, the Court may declare it to be completely executed. But when once the deed is filed, the Court is to have jurisdiction over it as in bankruptcy. The Court is not to make the declaration of complete execution without hearing any creditor who may oppose it, and without satisfying itself that the deed is in conformity with the Act. Fraud or culpable negligence in relation to any part of the proposed arrangement may lead to its being revoked, and being changed into bankruptcy. And misdemeanours, which, if done before bankruptcy, would be punishable by imprisonment, are to incur the same penalty if they are done before an arrangement. Thus, the Court of Bankruptcy, instead of being the depository of worthless deeds of arrangement, is to give those deeds a legal effect; to decide, on definite principles, whether the debtor is dealing fairly by his creditors, and to prevent his shirking the conditions imposed on him by the law which gives him relief.

A further change in the Bankruptcy Law proposed by the present Bills is, that when a debtor has not paid 10s. in the pound, all property that he may acquire after his discharge is to be liable to make up the deficiency. One of our contemporaries has argued, that if the son of a wealthy man who did not live on his college allowance came before the new Court of Bankruptcy, and, on being examined, confessed his simple inability to pay anything, "he would be able to walk out of the court and return to his father's house, there to be supported in comfort, and even luxury, without being liable to any further consequence." But, so far as we can see, the consequence of such a confession would be bankruptcy, suspension of the order of discharge, and liability of all after-acquired property. Here, indeed, there seems a gap in the new scheme; as the first Bill does not expressly state the results which are to follow the suspension of the order of discharge, and the language of the second Bill is too loose and indefinite. Yet the fifth section of the second Bill excludes from the operation of "this Act" all cases where debts were incurred by false pretence; and though "false pretences" are construed strictly in a penal statute, that construction will hardly be adopted where the law has to judge, but not to punish. We presume that the object of the new Bills is to give the Court of Bankruptcy the legal decision in such cases, and not to arm the creditor with an engine which he is incompetent to manage, and which he cannot stop when it is set in motion.

MILLENNIAL LITERATURE.

THE dawn and sunset, at least in poetry, are always steeped in gold; and in like manner the two horizons of our being, the Past and the Future, are, in the eyes of reflective persons, lit up with the splendour of a golden age. Dissatisfaction with the Present must assume one of these two forms: it must look back on the Past with affection and regret, or forward to the Future with fond expectation. The ancients were prone to the former view, the moderns are prone to the latter. The ruder the tribe, the more does it delight in an age of Saturn—a period long past, when the gods appeared among men, when mortals had angel lovers, when Odin was the Messiah of the Norsemen, and "Gitche Manito, the mighty, smoked the calumet, the peace pipe, as a signal to the nations." But even among the ancients, the more thoughtful placed their reliance on the future; Plato devised an imaginary Republic, where justice and virtue should reign triumphant; and Cumean sibyls sang of One who should restore the world's prime, calm the passions of men and the fierceness of beasts, link the nations together in peaceful brotherhood, and multiply upon all living things the blessings of perpetual summer, copious riches, and unbroken health. Sir Thomas More echoed Plato, and raised a very queer little island in unknown seas which he called Utopia, where goods were to be divided and all sorts of happy dreams realized. The millennium of the first century of Christianity, of the Abbot Joachim surnamed the Prophet in the twelfth century, of Ben Ezra, and of Edward Irving, is a better defined Utopia than that of Sir Thomas. We are happy to learn from Dr. Cumming that it may be expected in a year or two at the most, for we have never been able to give credence to the Swedenborgians when they assured us, on the authority of their founder, that it is come already. We fully admit the improvements in London and Paris, but they hardly, and Vienna and St. Petersburg perhaps still less, come up to our ideas of the New Jerusalem. The millennium has supplied a multitude of attractive images to Cowper in his "Winter Walk," and to Pollok in his "Course of Time;" and though we cannot help doubting whether it will ever be safe to let "the lion and the libbard and the bear graze with the fearless flocks," there are other features in the millennial programme more likely and easy to be attained. That "rivers of gladness should water all the earth and clothe all climes with beauty" in the "scenes surpassing fable and yet true"—that fertile lands, laughing with abundance, should "exult to see their thistly curse repealed"—that there should be "none to covet" where all are full—that all creatures should worship man and all mankind one Father—that error like a "creeping pestilence," should be chased away—that disease should die out, and "the pure and uncontaminated blood hold its due course nor fear the frost of age"—that the rams of Nebaioth and the flocks of Kedar should gather to the true light of the sacred city, and that "the looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind, and Saba's spicy groves" should pay tribute there—are visions which, however figurative, may be securely indulged in by the most sober philanthropist, visions which harmonize with those of another poet whose expectations are based on Mill rather than Isaiah, who has "dipt into the future," and seen "the vision of the world" and all the wonders that will be—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;
When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

After three hundred years of reading printed books, society has arrived at a point beyond which its future is likely to be an onward march. It looks back on so many obstacles overcome, so many revivals after decay, that it is now in the position of an invading army which occupies all the strongest fortresses, and is moving straight towards the capital. Good is ever seen to spring out of its evils and abuses—good which is not isolated, but links on to other good, and co-operates with it to an end. The entire train is in motion. Civilized nations lead on half-civilized, and half-civilized drag forward the uncivilized. Scarcely will you find on the face of the earth a retrograde movement. The impetus given everywhere to progress has been communicated even to dead matter, and the powers of nature are quickened by the powers of thought. Hence all literature takes a prospective turn, and labours, either consciously or unconsciously, for the achievement of a grand and glorious result in the distance of time. In this sense it is millennial. Its progressive character is manifest in every branch, and the keen observer will detect it in every twig and bud. It peeps forth from every column in a newspaper no less than from every page of an encyclopædia. It is confined to

no one creed, and to no one class of thinkers. Christian, unchristian, and even antichristian writers conspire in various ways, and in different degrees, in raising the degraded masses of humanity, and inspiring them with new hopes and prospects. Dean Stanley and Victor Hugo, Dr. Pusey and Carlyle, Dr. Newman and Renan, have many, very many points of contact; and each is applying his powerful mind to improve his race, and to bring in "The Golden Year," when all men's good shall be each man's rule. In saying this we do not by any means mean to imply that the differences between them are of no account, nor to raise any question here about their respective claims. We write in the spirit of the last of the three divines above mentioned, who, in commenting upon "Ecce Homo," said, "It is substantially a good book, and, we trust, will work for good." Indeed, as regards the future of society, "all things work together for good." "All things wax, and roll onwards," says Carlyle; "Arts, establishments, opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing." *Un génie finit l'autre*, writes Victor Hugo. Newton adopts Kepler, and supplements Bacon; Milton strengthens Cromwell's hands, and Cromwell is the red right arm of the poets of freedom; the criticism of Herder and Lessing gives rise to the poetry of Goethe and Schiller; the cession of Venetia to the Italians throws open the archives of Venice, and the national archives filling three hundred rooms supply many curious facts hitherto unknown in the history of England. Thus the organic filaments of thought are interwoven through all lands and throughout all time. All that is produced reproduces. Philosophers, poets, legislators, artists, naturalists, historians, hold one another's hands, and stride onward to higher, vaster, more beautiful combinations and results than have yet been seen.

There was a period in the history of Athens when oral instruction and disputation was the rage; when new theories of the universe and of man were advanced in quick succession by philosophers and sophists, each more absurd and, perhaps, more ingenious than the former. In science and morals they were quacks and impostors; and their highest wisdom was philosophy run mad. The very reverse of all this obtains in our day. Our physical science being nothing more or less than the observation of nature, it must be true, so far as its inductions reach; while every effort made among us for social improvement consists in quickening the understanding, imparting useful knowledge, and inculcating principles of justice between man and man. Thus, all popular literature tends to lessen the monstrous inequality of classes in society which has so long disgraced and retarded the human race, and to raise the labouring and poorer order from a serf-like dependence on rich employers. It pleads for a larger remuneration of labour, and a wider extension of political privileges. It advocates a better distribution of property by gradual and legal measures. It would leave every man free to dispose by will of his own goods and estates, and would teach the industrial part of the population to become, in a great degree, self-dependent. It would encourage employers to make their workmen partners in their business, by promising them a percentage on its profits over and above their daily earnings. It would invite labourers not merely to associate thus with capitalists, but also to form companies or co-operative stores among themselves, and thus work on their own account, and rise in the social scale. In this way it is thought that their material condition would be improved, and that the habit of self-reliance and the sense of responsibility would engender self-respect, integrity, and the higher moral qualities. Half a century ago literature was straining every nerve to clear the seas of slave-ships, and to wake the songs of freedom among the sugar-canes of the West. Now it is busy in behalf of women, whom it would render less dependent upon men. It would provide them more numerous fields of labour and sources of gain. It would, in view of the vast increase of population, open up to single women modes of livelihood hitherto untried, that so they may not be driven to seek marriage by compulsion, but support themselves easily and honourably. In its millennial character it cares also for our little ones. It is zealous for their instruction and in protecting them from the selfish exactions of merciless employers in unwholesome factories. It would check intoxication, not by stringent laws, but by improving the poor man's dwelling, making his home less repulsive, and providing him with the means of innocent recreation on the only day he is able to take any. It would promote subdivision of land in England, and longer leases in Ireland. It would indemnify the cottier for money he may have spent on improvements during his tenancy; and in this and almost every other plan which it proposes for the good of society, the elements of moral, mental, and material progress will, when carefully inspected, be found closely combined. The parliamentary debates every evening,

which become literature on the next morning, exhibit this tendency uniformly and in great abundance. Our fathers had to struggle for the removal of intolerable grievances, but we often need a check, lest we should carry benevolent designs into operation prematurely. Theories which were ridiculed or despised when first put forward by Owen and Louis Blanc have now been reduced to practice, and shorn of their objectionable features. Competition among co-operative stores will be as useful and desirable as it is among individual labourers; and as both increase, the well-being of the working classes will be in every way more apparent. The long-standing relations existing between the rich and the poor, the master and the hireling, will be happily modified, and the gulf that separates industry and aristocracy will be narrowed and bridged over.

Such are some of the dreams in which political economy and social science now fondly indulge. We call them millennial, because they point to unlimited progress, and to results of which the importance and grandeur is likely to augment in an ever-increasing ratio. International policy is undergoing as many beneficial changes as national habits. Antipathies are wearing away, and the brotherhood of all races and peoples is more distinctly felt. Protection and monopoly have received mortal blows, and we may hope that their ultimate doom is sealed. As duelling is almost extinct, so wars are less frequent, and diplomacy finds a ready solution for disputes once settled only by the sword. The International Exhibition of all Nations in Paris is a scroll of prophecy. Compare it with the blood-stained annals of 1792 and 1793, or with the humiliating presence of the Allies there in 1815. It is literature—millennial literature—expressed in symbols more eloquent than those of speech; and seems, with its thousand voices, to bid the ships and railroads of all seas and lands bear the mission of the cross and of the press to ripen the harvest of "the golden year."

THE CASUAL CLERGY.

It is a privilege confined to clergymen and physicians, that they may labour and accumulate wealth six days in the week, and yet add to the heap on the seventh, without incurring the odium of Sabbath-breaking. In the case of the healer of the corporeal frame, this suspension of the Fourth Commandment—in strictness contrary to rule—is assented to through the pressure of necessity, though not without a grumble from Scotch divines sceptical as to the expediency of drawing an ass from a pit on the Sabbath-day. But from the Sabbath labour of the physician of souls all suspicion of impropriety is banished. Were he to toil at secular pursuits the six days of the week until body and soul were reduced to the lowest condition of vitality from sheer exhaustion, he could continue to utilize the seventh also to pecuniary advantage. In fact, in that prostrate condition, to labour on the Sabbath would be the highest exercise of his proper function, and but a conscientious appropriation of a margin of his time to the fulfilment of his professional obligations. Of course, the pastoral clergy in cure of souls are not included among these occasional labourers in the spiritual vineyard, who hire only at the eleventh hour. They are the workmen who bear the burden and heat of the whole day; and the unseemliness of a disproportionate division of time between the present life and the world to come does not exist in their case. Passing then over regular incumbents and curates, we shall find that there are several classes of clergy whose existence presents this double phase of spiritual and temporal. There are first College dons and University professors in orders, who on week-days are engaged in indoctrinating youth with Pagan literature and morality, or rationalistic science, but on Sundays set them the good example of regular attendance on College chapel, or preach rotation sermons for their Christian edification. And, in justice to the don, it must be said that his spiritual functions do not end here; for there are the week-day chapels, morning and afternoon; and somebody in orders must look after them. Or the don is seen as tutor advising, or as dean censuring, or, most powerful of all, as the proctor, terror of all unruly undergraduates, who fly before him as the chaff is driven before the wind. Next to the don is the schoolmaster, to whom no mean value of the sacerdotal function is the assurance it affords parents that the religious education of their children will be attended to, and sermons preached to them, if not in flowers of rhetoric, at least through the persuasive eloquence of the rod. The tendency in this class to lapse into secular habits is much greater than in the case of the don; for the rod, being an appeal to the fleshy part of human nature, is so purely temporal that, notwithstanding all the daily prayers said in a schoolroom or in school-chapel, only

a highly spiritual schoolmaster could hold his ground against its secularizing effects. That the scholastic life is attended with this disadvantage is confessed; but it is probable that, on the whole, more good is done than harm in having the education of youth intrusted to clerical hands.

Distinct from these are the true seventh-day clergy—a class intermediate between the pastoral and the educational—who toil as hard as the latter on week-days and as zealously as the former on Sundays. During the intervals of secular work, they are absorbed into the great industrial machinery of society, concealed or not, as the case may be, under black ties and lay habits. On the Sabbath they re-emerge into light in the fulness of clerical costume. Like the prophets of the Lord, whom Obadiah hid in a cave, they disappear for a season, and then reappear for a much shorter season. Or, like those strange visitors that occasionally enter our solar system, the comets, they shine brilliantly for a period and then retire invisible into secular aphelion for a much greater period. The proportion that holds between these intervals of successive appearance and disappearance being a fixed number, they have been named the "seventh-day clergy;" but among bishops and archdeacons, who contemplate the clerical body in a diocesan point of view, they are best known as "the casuals." It is well to find extremes meet; but the clerical casuals are a happy race if not a well-off race. To incumbents and curates they are invaluable, being a kind of clerical reserve force, without which the rector's summer vacation would be impracticable. The temporary gaps, too, which sickness or the need of rest makes in the pastoral ranks can by their aid with facility be filled. In truth, they are a kind of ecclesiastical journeymen, itinerant in their habits like the Methodist preachers, but the staunchest Churchmen notwithstanding.

It is acknowledged both by parsons and churchwardens—and the reflection is consoling to all parties—that it is good for congregations occasionally to hear a new preacher, and to have prayers said with a change of vocal intonation. The best pulpit oracle becomes dull and insipid by repetition, and, like eating pigeon-pie all the year round, palls on the intellectual sensibilities of constant hearers. It is a double advantage, therefore, that, while the rector or the curate gets his vacation, the people should be edified. And this, it so happens, can be brought about by a change to the casual parson; for, as a rule, he is clever (at least the true casual is), and of some literary attainments. The preaching portion of the class must have a fair share of intellect—more, probably, man for man, than an equal number of rectors. And the reason is obvious; a large portion of them engage as tutors in teaching either in schools or in families; and, unless education be an unmitigated imposition, they must know something of Greek and Latin, of English literature, or the sciences, which rectors and curates need not necessarily know. A large section of the casuals, moreover, are engaged in writing for the press; and, since success in that line requires a sensational style and elegant composition, at least decent composition, their pulpit ministrations must be the more efficient in consequence of their skill and experience in that line. Besides, in one respect these casuals are the teachers of rectors. From their pens, if not from their lips, in leading articles, rectors and curates often draw the opinions they retail in their little parochial circles, Ritualistic or Puritanical, as the case may be. How unaware the incumbent of the parish of High-and-Dry is that the casual whom he, with rectorial dignity, requests to read prayers in the morning and preach in the evening, is the writer of the very article in the weekly periodical from which he has borrowed the best ideas of his morning sermon.

All this implies a fair amount of ability in the "Casualty;" but the best proof that the amount is large is that, not being rectors, this class avoid becoming curates. A curacy means one hundred pounds a year, with a fair matrimonial prospect. That prospect not being available, that is, the curate being guilty of marrying too early in life and imprudently, it means a plain one hundred pounds a year, or five shillings and sixpence a day. A carpenter may earn more than that; a gentleman on the press may earn a guinea, and make fifty pounds a year besides of Sunday duty; therefore, the matrimonial knot being already tied, why become a curate? For this reason it will be found that the casuals are generally married, some of them inveterate bachelors with a balance at their banker's, and well versed in the prices of Stock, railway shares, and other such secular matters.

But the great advantage the seventh-day clergyman enjoys is that his sermons are little or no drain on his week-day energies. One sermon does as much work for him as thirty would for a fixed pastor; and besides is likely to be well written and to tell on his hearers. He does not produce his

discourses under pressure, and at the rate of three in a week, as the curate often has to do; but, once provided with a capital stock to start with, he may compose new sermons at no greater rate than that of one every half-year. Once written, a sermon may be preached in ten metropolitan and ten suburban churches without the repetition being detected, and afterwards be heard by listening rustic ears in thirty country parishes. None but the preacher need be aware of the amount of severe duty it has gone through. Even were its repetition in Herts to be detected by some severe maiden critic who had heard it in Hants, the most the discovery would prove would be the impropriety of a second or third repetition—an event not uncommon even among fixed pastors. But who could establish the charge of its thirtieth repetition? It would be impossible, unless the accuser were ubiquitous. Besides, the preacher being non-resident, and his name probably unknown, he could never be as satisfactory a butt for the scandal-mongers of the parish to launch their shafts at as a fixed curate would be. It is really marvellous the amount which even two good sermons—one matutinal, the other post-prandial—may be made to put in, going the round, if circumstances be favourable, of the fifty-two Sundays and all the counties. A prudent casual, however, is always prepared with a much larger stock; but it may with safety be said that with twenty he could do wonders.

And the life is really not an unpleasant one, after the week's secular work, to set off by rail on Saturday evening, and breathe a whole Sunday of country air among people glad to see him, and make him as comfortable as possible. It is a positive gain in oxygen and hospitality alone. The Saturday afternoon lost and the Monday morning lost, are nothing set against these advantages. And then, as to the Sunday labour, a clergyman, unless he is extremely Broad, will go to church somewhere; and when he goes, the odds are ten to one that he prefers helping in the service to being a passive hearer. It is so much more agreeable to listen to a dull sermon from oneself than to a dull one from another. So, in that respect also, the casual clergy are more gainers than losers by their Sabbath labour. It is true that occasionally a hard day's work is taken out of the casual—Low Church incumbents being most unmerciful in that line—but these are the exceptional cases which prove the rule and make these dips into the country so desirable. Most commonly there are only two services; and as in the interval the officiating minister is certain to be hospitably entertained by the incumbent's family, or, they being absent, by the churchwarden or parish squire to whose charge he falls, he returns to his work refreshed with a giant's strength. There are drawbacks, however, connected with these ministrations. The casual clergyman has nothing to show in the way of fruit from them, and he seldom forms friends through these visits. He may have electrified congregations, but knowledge of the fact rarely reaches his ears. Being a casual—an apparition of the day or hour—he escapes all the parochial censure which his ministrations call forth, but he is equally beyond the reach of all the praises. His reward is, that he has done his part well, and seen and learned a thing or two about human nature.

GOUNOD'S "ROMEO AND JULIET."

THE legend of the "star-crossed" lovers of Verona, as told by Shakespeare, has always been a favourite subject with writers of operatic *libretti*. The first necessity in lyric drama of a serious cast is a strong love-story, and in the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" that condition is surely fulfilled. Yet, strange to say, though Shakespeare's play has been paraphrased at least a dozen times for the operatic stage, and wedded to music by the best composers of the last century and a half, it has never succeeded in its lyrical form. An isolated number or two—such as some of the graceful thoughts of Vaccaj—alone remain out of all the elaborate scores that have been penned on this subject. So it was with Goethe's "Faust." Before Charles Gounod had dreamed the exquisite musical fancies which he afterwards wreathed round the equally lovely images of the German poet, this same legend of Faust and Margaret had been set to music over and over again. As with Shakespeare's tragedy, so with Goethe's poem. The wedded result only produced what may be called "an ill-assorted union." Yet Spohr's music is fine. Much of it will live, because it is picturesque, reasonable, and well made. But it was left for the French student of theology to realize in music the creations of Goethe. How tenderly, how aptly he discharged this task is now a matter of art-history. Gounod's "Faust"—fragmentary, occasionally incoherent, and often crude, as it might be shown to be by all art-canon—was felt to be the first realization in music of the German poem. There was

truth in it. It was not the quaint Old Men's chorus, or the graceful Kermesse valse, or the blare and bustle of the Soldiers' Chant, that stamped the new master's genius. These all conduced to his popularity with the outside public, it is true; but more cultivated minds, less disposed to be led away by clap-trap, accepted him at once for his delineation of that many-sided passion called love. In a word, Gounod succeeded in "Faust" as a writer of love-music, so gracious, so touching, so true, that had he never penned anything but the garden scene in that opera, his name would have lived as a thinker of no common order. His previous as well as his succeeding works have all pointed very much in the same direction; and when, on the completion of "Mireille" (an idyll, not a drama), it was rumoured that he had selected for his next opera the story of "Romeo and Juliet," it was felt by those who knew him best that he had taken a subject which he would probably treat more truthfully than any composer who had preceded him. He gave Margaret (Gretchen) her music, they said; he will also make Juliet breathe her passion for the first time in music. The opera is now finished, in rehearsal, and even while we write, its production is looked for in Paris. If its success be what we may anticipate after a perusal of the score, there can be no doubt that the form of a certain class of opera will be for the future considerably modified; for in the present work, M. Gounod has carried out, with firmer hand and surer touch, certain formal innovations which are noticeable, although in a very rudimentary shape, in "Faust." Such being our opinion, we think that a preliminary sketch of the new opera will be acceptable to a larger circle, even of musical students, than that which comprises M. Gounod's friends and followers.

MM. Barbier and Carré, the composer's librettists, have followed Shakespeare's version of "Romeo and Juliet," and even his diction, very closely. The opera is laid out in five acts, with pretty nearly the same persons of the drama as in Shakespeare. Act I. is in one set scene, representing the masque at Capulet's house, the stolen march of Romeo and his friends, the first meeting of the lovers, and the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt. Act II. is also in one set, representing the famous balcony scene, and is devoted entirely to the meeting of the lovers. Act III. is divided into two scenes: first, a front scene, representing Friar Laurence's cell. Here takes place the celebration of a matin service by the holy father and his friars, then the marriage of Romeo and Juliet. The second scene, a set, is in the street outside Capulet's house, and the business transacted in it comprises the double duel between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo, the arrival of the Grand Duke, and the banishment of Romeo amidst the mutual recriminations of adherents of the Montagues and Capulets. Act IV. is a set, representing Juliet's room. The action includes a grand love scene for Romeo and his wife, the swallowing of the potion by Juliet, and the despair of the household in finding the hope of the Capulets dead. Act V. comprises a front and a set scene. In the former Father Laurence learns that his instructions to Romeo have miscarried; in the latter, the "tomb of all the Capulets" is seen, Romeo poisons himself, Juliet awakes only to find her lover dying, and the opera ends, as does the drama, with their death.

M. Gounod prefaces his opera with a slight introduction in his usual manner, to which the standard overture is utterly repugnant. In this particular instance, however, its musical interest is heightened by the introduction of a chorus narrating, exactly as Shakespeare recites it in his prologue, the legend of the unfortunate lovers of Verona. This chorus is unaccompanied; and it will always be found difficult, from its extreme length, to get it sustained in tune, recited as it is nearly on a monotone, the orchestra coming in with an occasional chord. The first act is full of a charming musical and dramatic interest. The valse—or rather mazurka—strain to which the curtain rises is one of those catching *motifs* so plentifully scattered through "Faust," serving as symphony to a joyous dancing chorus for mixed voices in the composer's happiest vein. The entrance of Juliet with her father is marked by a beautiful exclamation for the tenors and basses, expressive of their admiration of the young girl. This is echoed by the soprano, and Juliet is introduced in a few words by Capulet. The childish delight of the *débutante* (for such she is) is delightfully expressed in a short aria, 3-4 time, and then Capulet, rallying Paris, his intended son-in-law, for not dancing, sings a jovial strain to the guests, "Allons! jeunes gens; allons! belles dames," the refrain of which is repeated in chorus. The music of Capulet, we may here remark at once, is admirably characteristic—full of *bonhomie*, hospitable intention, and yet not lacking a certain tenderness where Juliet is the subject. The dance is resumed, and by-and-by Romeo, Mercutio, and a small band of friends, to act as semi-chorus, enter on their prank.

Romeo is rather disturbed by a presage of misfortune induced by a dream, which gives occasion—the stage being free—for the ballad of “Queen Mab,” sung by Mercutio, *sotto voce*, to a wonderful descriptive accompaniment of full orchestra *pianissimo*. Of the many quaint and clever things Gounod has done, this is one of the quaintest and cleverest. Juliet and the other guests re-enter—Romeo is struck by her beauty, manages to crave an interview, which by-and-by gives rise to a charming duettino, in the shape of a madrigal, “Ange adorable.” This simple little number will, we can safely prophecy, enjoy an extended popularity both on the stage and off. The remainder of the act is taken up with the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt, the despair of Juliet at finding who the stranger is she already loves, and the *réprise* of the refrain of Capulet’s song, to which the act-drop descends. This act is admirable in every respect. There is not a redundant note, and the stage business is full of excitement.

In the second act, M. Gounod approaches more closely to the crucial test in which so many have failed. Here Romeo evades his friends, and seeks his mistress. The *entr’acte* to which the curtain rises in the Balcony scene is a species of reverie, or rather cradle-song (to speak descriptively), in 6-8 rhythm, orchestrated with the most voluptuous softness, in perfect keeping with “moonlight on a lady’s bower.” Romeo’s serenade, which naturally occurs here, is exceedingly effective. One phrase is full of passion, and will have an immense effect, sung with the requisite voice. Juliet appears at the balcony, and soliloquizes exactly as in the play. Romeo announces his presence, but scarcely has he done so, when a noise off is heard, and the lovers retire only in time to escape discovery by a number of the servants, who suspect that Romeo is lurking about. The Nurse is brought on (she has previously appeared in the first act), and after a few comic insinuations that it is her beauty which allures young scapegraces thither, and a choral invocation of wrath on the heads of the Montagues, the intruders go off. Romeo reappears, meets Juliet, and the anticipated duet begins in earnest. It is an attempt—both on the part of the librettist and the composer—to realize, passage by passage, the exquisite picture limned by Shakespeare, and we believe that the effort is entirely successful. Gounod has managed to portray a young girl’s heart, in this opera, most marvellously. In the first act Juliet’s music is that of an *ingenue*; in the second it is still *naïve*, but a thought more tender; in the latter portion of the work it rises to the dignity which the catastrophe demands. The ensemble of the Balcony duet, “De cet adieu si douce est la tristesse,” is upon an exceedingly simple theme in A, 3-4 time, and is worked out in a long *decrescendo* on the words “jusqu’à demain”—sinking to a mere whisper, the effect of which is simply beautiful. It has all the poetry of the duet in “Faust,” with more delicate manipulation. After the long good night, the instrumental reverie which began the act is resumed *piano*, and Romeo recites a prayer in monotone for his love as she retires, and the curtain descends.

Act III. opens with ecclesiastical music. A cavatina, with chorus, for Frère Laurent in the severest Church manner, is followed by the entrance of Romeo, and subsequently the marriage of the lovers. The invocation for the father (*primo basso cantante*) is exceedingly fine, and is followed by a trio and quartet for Romeo, Juliet, the Nurse, and Friar Laurence, in *canto fermo*, which is very effective. The second scene of this act begins with a page’s song—the page in question being invented for Romeo, to bear the burden of the mezzo-soprano music (of contralto music there is none). This song, in 2-4 time, and in the orthodox two verses, is a pretty fable, extemporized by MM. Barbier and Carré, on the amours of two doves—and in a sparkling refrain, “Gardez bien la belle,” the page (rather imprudently, we think), warns the Capulets to look after their dove, who will otherwise escape them. On this follows what M. Gounod calls his *finale*, but which will be more easily understood if we describe it as consisting of several long recitative scenes, and finishing with a chorus. The scenes in point describe the duels between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo. Here, no doubt, the composer felt that he was treading on delicate ground, after the duel trio in “Faust;” at all events in “Romeo and Juliet,” the quarrels are rapidly accomplished in recitative, and the fighting is as rapidly done to *allegro* passages for orchestra. No great point is made of Mercutio’s death. The inhabitants throng in—the women, and then all the chorus, invoking imprecations on the feud that costs them so much blood; the rival houses also expressing, by the voices of their respective retainers, their undying hatred towards each other. A brilliant *cortège*, quite worthy to be a companion march to the famous procession music of the “Reine de Saba,” is now heard off, and the Duke and Court

appear. The Duke censures the rioters, banishes Romeo, and, with the *réprise* of the double quartet and chorus, the act ends. On the whole, we recognise less of Gounod in this part of the opera than in any other, and trace a strong resemblance to certain portions of Meyerbeer’s “Huguenots” in the *ensemble* at the close of the act.

Act the fourth is full of beauties. The prevailing tone is sadness—for Romeo has to leave his mistress—she has to counterfeit death and seek the tomb to meet him again—and the climax of the act is the despair of Capulet over the supposed dead body of his child. The grand duo is written more in what may be called *form*, than anything of this nature Gounod has yet penned. The first *ensemble*, in 12-8, is exceedingly elaborate, and worked out patiently and consistently. It expresses their mutual passion for each other, and is followed by some of the composer’s loveliest descriptive writing, on the charming episode of the lark and the nightingale. All this is done exquisitely, and the last *ensemble*, a farewell, is written, 4-4 time, largely and powerfully. Of its effect on the stage there can be no doubt whatever. Juliet’s grand air occurs in this act, and is in fact a drinking song, prefaced by a long recitative descriptive of the horrors she may encounter in the vault after drinking the potion. Love, however, prevails, and animates her aria—“Je bois à toi!” This number is not, in our opinion, effective, vocally considered, and is written in an exceedingly difficult manner. The despair of Capulet—the dirge music in the orchestra—are all perfect, and fitly wind up an act full of rare beauties, both musical and dramatic.

The tomb scene in the last act consists entirely of a duet. Here Gounod has narrowly considered the exigencies of the situation, and has, to our thinking most judiciously, thrown this fourth and last duo into purely dialogue form. There are only a few bars of *ensemble*, when, in the delirium of love in death, they recall a passage of the marriage hymn of the third act. This is most artistically done, along with a strain of the lark from the duo of the fourth act. In this manner, and by eschewing every temptation to delay the march of the plot by concerted effects, M. Gounod hurries on the tragic end of the opera. It had been supposed that an apotheosis of the lovers would follow; but it does not appear in the score we have seen. Probably the master feared that after “Faust,” “Reine de Saba,” and “Mireille,” even the sound of angelic harps would be tame and conventional. If this was his view we entirely agree with him.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect account of the new opera, the production of which has been awaited so long and so anxiously by the musical world. We may remark on it, in conclusion, that it is by far the most concatenated and elaborate work written by its gifted author. His eccentricities are toned down in such a manner that they are entitled to be considered as an inseparable part of a style thoroughly and boldly original. In “Romeo and Juliet” will be found the old distaste for elaborate finales, without which it has hitherto been thought no great operative reputation could be gained. But no man can be equally great in all directions; and if Meyerbeer or Verdi would have written a stronger third act than we find in the new work, we question if either of them could have written the gracious love-music which, after all, is the one great condition of “Romeo and Juliet.” In the instrumentation Gounod has surpassed himself—and what that means every student of orchestration will know. That the work as a whole will greatly enhance its composer’s reputation, we do not for a moment doubt; and we have equally little hesitation in predicting for it an honourable abiding place in the lyrical theatres of this country.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS.

EVER since Froissart or Philippe de Comines wrote that the people of England “s’amusent moult trystement, selon l’usage de leur pays,” John Bull has indulged in a solid kind of merrymaking peculiar to himself. As a rule, he goes solemnly to work, and as a rule he goes just as solemnly to play. He makes a pleasure of business from his love of hard work and his methodical habits; and on the same rule he makes a business of pleasure. If any one will take the trouble to watch a working man, his wife, and family going the round of the British Museum with a painful determination to look at every single object till they are utterly overwhelmed by the vastness of the collection, he will at once recognise the conscientious way in which J. B. amuses himself—“moult trystement.” And, to say the truth, this solid and methodical way of existence is forced upon us by the elements. It is of little use for us to have *fêtes* fitted only for the open air when all

our finery will do for us is to give us cold, and we may be driven at any moment from the fields and the woods by storm and shower. Such enjoyment as we have must be for the most part solid and of the indoor kind. Even when we can venture out of doors, we are not given to capering about like the French, nor do we find an exquisite fun in pelting each other with bon-bons, or in deluging the face and shirt-front with an egg-shell full of scented water. Our nearest approach to the lively jollity of our Continental friends will be found in the license indulged in by our fast friends on their way home from the Derby. Small paper bags filled with flour formed no bad substitute for the egg-shells and scent. But this was put an end to by those prosaic and cruel people who objected to have their surtouts spoiled by the dust of plaster of Paris or flour of the "best seconds." The prosaic people were unfortunately backed up by the police, who treated such attacks as assaults, and so the pleasant merriment has died out, and gents of mature age and rollicking humour are reduced to enjoy the return from the Derby in sitting behind a false nose, with a circle of small Dutch dolls, presumed trophies of knock-em-downs, on their hats. This is after all but a tame triumph after catching cold in the keen east winds which career over Epsom Downs, or in the snow-storm in which the race is sometimes run.

Easter, however, does not boast its Derby-day, although with Boxing-day it shares the questionable honour of having its special amusements reported in a whole page of the *Times*. At this season, of course, it is needless to say, the Crystal Palace puts forward its chief attractions. M. Blondin, on his tight rope, walked above the heads of his fellow-creatures as long as he was with us, and created, we are told, "an era in the funambulist art." Now, we have the great Stead, and a dozen other "great" creatures equally attractive, who cater for the Easter sight-seers. In Russia, and in all countries professing the Greek faith, people go about in an ecstasy of joy on Easter-day, saluting each other with a kiss, and crying out, "He is risen," in reference to the Resurrection. They present each other with eggs variously painted, and observe the day as a great festival of the Church. Some approach towards similar reverence for the day might be found in our old country customs, but usually Easter is far too cold for any out-door festivities. Yet we had once our junketings, greetings, and dancings, when our peasants fondly believed that the blessed sun itself danced on the occasion. In his "Ballad on a Wedding," Sir John Suckling alludes to this belief, in speaking of the bride,—

"And, oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day,
Is half so fine a sight."

But the chivalry of faith has perished amongst us. The entertainments now provided for Easter are neither very lively nor very refreshing. Amongst the best are the Zoological Gardens and the British Museum. Next come the excursions, by which the people are taken down to the seaside for "eight hours," and are then hurried back to town; then the vans, which trot off to Epping Forest, High Beech, and other suburban places; to Hampton Court and Kew; then there is Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, the parks and public gardens; and then the theatres, the institutions, and lecture-rooms; and, last of all, but by far the best attended, the music-halls and singing-saloons, which offer the double attraction to the working men of bad songs, mixed with *equivoque* and *double entendre*, and bad spirits, beer, and tobacco. The amount of "amusement" offered to the London public, therefore, is not small. To see everything which claims to have a special attraction would exhaust a giant. If the working man is a wise man, he will betake himself to the seaside, there to breathe pure air, to look on the tumbling billows, and to refresh himself with a passing glimpse of the country. Many do so; but our railway companies who find excursion trains pay so well coop up their best customers in carriages which are dirtier than horse-boxes? and the transit is certainly, with its chorus of tired and cross children, not very pleasant; still less so the return, accompanied with drunken or half-drunken companions. Much as we are all bound to admire the working man, we cannot say that he is a very loveable creature while being amused. At the Zoological Gardens—a noble place for a noble study, and perfectly matchless in its order, cleanliness, and extent—our friend is rough and bearish, and given to horse-play, which is simply disgusting. At the Crystal Palace he loves to knock the chairs about, and to deposit large quantities of bottles, plates, and knives and forks in the fountains, the grass-plots, and the rose-beds. In museums and picture-galleries the sight-seers behave very much better than out of doors.

There seems to be a softening influence in antiquity and art, and of the many thousands of persons who wander through the National Gallery, or the splendid corridors of the British Museum, there is not one in a week who misbehaves himself. At the theatre our young friends are very sportive, and our middle-aged friends decidedly attached to the black or brown stone bottle. John Bull in his lower state seems unable to separate enjoyment of the mind from that of the body. There he sits and sips, sympathizes and laughs, cries or sighs, but whatever he does he is sure to aid himself by the inevitable bottle. When he can separate himself from this habit, he will be all the better able to enjoy his Easter and his other amusements.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor Napoleon completed his fifty-ninth year last Saturday. This is a fact of some importance in the present juncture of affairs. It has seemed for some time past as if the energy, sagacity, and mature skill of the French monarch had been waning before the approach of age; and it is a very serious question how far, in the case of war, he will be equal to the strain of a tremendous struggle, calculated to try the resources of his country to the utmost. It is said that he was almost exhausted by the brief campaign in Italy in the year 1859; but he was then only fifty-one, and he has since had much wear-and-tear of mind, and some disappointments, such as leave their mark. His languor in the conduct of affairs last autumn may have been owing entirely to temporary illness; but it is quite as likely that accumulating years had much to do with it. The King of Prussia is older; but the King of Prussia depends on Bismarck, whereas Napoleon is a Bismarck to himself. Speaking from a French point of view, the occasion should have arisen ten years ago, when the Emperor was yet at the height of his powers. It is impossible to say what effect an enfeebled direction may have on a great national movement, such as now seems on the eve of commencing. And the health of the Prince Imperial is another element in the question which we must needs take into the account. The child (although he is now getting better) appears to have some scrofulous taint, which does not look well for the future.

EUROPE still remains in a painful state of suspense on the Luxembourg question. The King of the Belgians—imitating, but not very successfully, the pacific action of his father—has been trying what he can do to talk over the principals to the quarrel; and England, Austria, and Russia, have been mediating, with a view to the discovery of some compromise which shall save the honour of both parties. But, though war is still not absolutely certain, the tendency of events is unquestionably in that direction. It is not merely a disagreement between monarchs, or among diplomatists; the passions of two strong and sensitive races, insanely jealous of one another, are involved in the dispute; and it is to be feared that the rage for war on both sides of the border will be unappeasable. The French people are in a state of furious excitement; the demand for active operations grows more imperative every day; and the Emperor may feel that it is absolutely necessary to draw the sword. The Exhibition is almost the only thing which binds over the nations to keep the peace; and owing to that or some other cause, the two Governments seem not to be arming to the extent that was recently supposed.

WHILE the Pope was delivering his usual Easter benediction *urbi et orbi*, a good many of his faithful Romans were considering how best they could get rid of his rule. A manifesto emanating from a secret society calling itself "The Centre of Insurrection," and announcing an immediate revolution, has been posted up in the Corso and other streets, and has given some trouble to the gendarmes and police agents in tearing it down. What imparts some gravity to the action of this body is that Garibaldi has given in his adhesion to it, in a letter which has been placarded on the walls together with the manifesto; but the Roman National Committee, replying to the insurrectionary "Centre," declines the responsibility of a movement at the present moment. Time will of course settle the Roman question, as it settles all other questions; but for the present the difficulties seem to be only increased by delay. The discussion in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, on Wednesday, of the convention with France for the allotment of the Pontifical Debt, showed the existence of a great deal of irritation on the part of several members with respect to this agreement. It

was looked upon as a tacit renunciation of Rome as the capital of Italy, and as the result of foreign pressure; and, though this was energetically and perhaps truthfully denied, it is to be feared that the popular opinion will not be much influenced by official disclaimers. Nevertheless, the convention was adopted by the Chamber.

THE marriage of the Count of Flanders with the Princess Mary of Hohenzollern was solemnized at the Church of St. Hedwig, in Berlin, on Thursday. The ceremony was performed by the Prince-Bishop of Breslau. The bridegroom, Prince Philip Eugene Ferdinand Mary Clement Baldwin Leopold George, younger son of the late King of the Belgians and his second wife, Louise of Orleans, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French, was born on the 24th of March, 1837. The bride, Mary Louisa Alexandrina Caroline, youngest daughter of Charles Anthony, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and his wife Josephine, Princess of Baden, was born on the 17th of November, 1845. The young couple become by this union related to every reigning house in Christendom. The Countess of Flanders' father is half a Murat, and her mother half a Beauharnais. Her eldest brother is married to a sister of the King of Portugal. Her sister Stephanie died Queen of Portugal, wife of Pedro V. Her second brother is Hospodar of Roumania. Her third was mortally wounded at Sadowa. Of the bridegroom's kindred, whether Coburg or Bourbon, it is superfluous to speak.

RUMOUR has found another explanation for the resignation of Ricasoli. Had the bargain with M. Langrand Dumonceau touching the sale of the Church property been carried out, one half of the sixty millions of francs which Dumonceau was to receive under the name of commission was to be used in paying the King's private debts. "It is now said," writes the Florence correspondent of the *Daily News*, "that the real motive of Baron Ricasoli's resignation was his impracticability in respect of some new arrangement, with regard to which the new premier is found practicable, and the object of which is the payment of the debts in question by means of some other juggle in connection with the sale of the ecclesiastical property." This, he adds, is mere rumour; but it "is believed by probably more than one half of that part of the nation which ever hears of such things at all."

ANOTHER piece of gossip comes to us on the authority of the same correspondent, who describes an interview between Signor Sella, while he was Minister of Finance, and Victor Emmanuel. Sella, speaking in a purely financial sense, permitted himself to talk very frankly to his Majesty on certain subjects which are generally considered to be wholly out of the province of political advisers. Sella did not think them so, and addressed his Majesty in this wise—"The Prince Royal is to bring home, we hope, a bride. Now Italy cannot afford, your Majesty, to keep two Courts. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the one Court which she does maintain should be such in all respects as it befits the residence of a young Princess, the future Queen of Italy, to be. Some changes in your Majesty's habits are needed to make it this. These changes are, therefore, absolutely necessary to the well ordering of Italian finance." Possibly they throw some light on the origin of his Majesty's debts.

PRUSSIA seems to have been "sounding" Austria as to her willingness to see such an extension of the treaty of Prague as would lead to a union of herself with the other German States. The object, of course, is to get Austria for an ally in case of war with France; but Baron Beust told the envoy, Count Taufkirchen, that it is a necessity for the Empire to remain neutral as long as it can. The Baron will have a very difficult game to play, for France also is bidding for the Austrian alliance.

GREECE is said to have demanded of the Porte a rectification of the frontier. She does not see, we suppose, why France alone is to play at that fascinating, but dangerous, game; and so she seeks her Prussia in the Osmanli—and not without good cause. It is a very unequal match, however. Turkey is yet strong enough to cope with the little Hellenic kingdom, and Greece, in provoking a collision, would be seeking to pluck the fruit before it is ripe. Yet we are told that a rising in Epirus is imminent. The times are volcanic, and, if we are not to have wars, we are at least treated to rumours of wars in plenty.

SERVIA has now obtained full possession of her fortresses, and she has been celebrating with much spirit the anniversary of the insurrection of 1815, which led to her comparative independence. It were to be wished that an equally satisfactory conclusion could be announced with respect to the troubles in Crete; but it is evident that the insurrection there grows more serious, instead of less, for Turkey's best general, Omar Pasha, has taken the command, and intends to direct his attack against the town of Sphakia.

SOME popular tumults, excited by discontent at the taxes have taken place at Oporto. Though at first it was announced that they were suppressed with the greatest ease, it now appears that it has been found necessary to despatch to the scene of action, from Lisbon, three regiments and a war steamer. Concurrently with this intelligence, it is announced that the Chamber of Peers has postponed granting permission to the King to travel abroad.

THE conferences relative to the Austro-Italian Treaty of Commerce have been brought to a close, and the treaty has been signed at Florence by the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, and by Signor Rattazzi and the Italian Minister of Agriculture. This is better than conferences about rectifications of frontier, and *pourparlers* with the thunderbolt of war in them.

GEORGIA, as well as Mississippi, has appealed to the Supreme Court to restrain the Secretary of War, and Generals Grant and Pope, from executing the Reconstruction Act in that State. The Attorney-General, in resisting that appeal, remarked that the official dignity of the President removed him beyond the jurisdiction of the Court, and that he could only be reached through the people or their representatives. He added that, if the Court granted the injunction, he would advise the President not to obey it. We may suppose that the Attorney-General did not venture upon such an extreme announcement without previous instructions; so it would appear that Mr. Johnson has completely turned round from his former position. "The President," said the Attorney-General, "had exhausted his rightful opposition to the Reconstruction Bill by vetoing it. His only duty now was to execute the law as enacted." This, of course, is not without a certain pertinence; yet it is obvious that the President's position is an awkward and undignified one. He has been obliged to eat humble-pie—to contradict himself; and there was some point in the observation of Mr. R. J. Walker, who supported the petition, that the official dignity of the President could not justify his executing a law which he had himself declared to be unconstitutional. Should Mr. Johnson refuse to obey the injunction of the Court, the latter will be compelled to arrest him for contempt; and this will be a great scandal to the State. The South is simply inviting fresh troubles by pursuing an opposition which is almost certain to be futile.

WE, who have seen a quondam prize-fighter in our House of Commons, cannot laugh at the Americans for having a pugilist in their Congress. But Mr. Gully was a very different sort of person from Mr. Morrissey, who lately, as one deputy or another rose to address the Assembly, is said to have interrupted them with coarse professional slang. When the House became angry at this conduct, "Morrissey roared out that 'he would not be interfered with by any cuss in Congress,' and appealed to the Speaker to prevent his being 'crowded to the ropes.' After a protracted wrangle, during which the prize-fighting legislator declared that he did not care a straw for the rules of Congress, he handed up to the Speaker a copy of the rules of the Prize-ring, which he vowed were much more to the purpose, and insisted that the clerk should read aloud from an old copy of *Bell's Life* the details of a mill between the Staley-bridge Infant and the Brummagem Chicken. This proved too much even for Congress, and the drunken blackguard was forced from the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms and his men." We are glad, though we are also surprised, that the House was capable of so much self-respect. We trust it will henceforth imitate its own example, and hand over to the Sergeant-at-Arms members who, without Morrissey's excuse, are guilty of similar misconduct.

THE Senate, with only two dissentient votes, has ratified the Russo-American treaty. Ten million dollars in gold are said to be the amount paid by the United States to Russia for the

territory in question, including the adjacent islands; and the inhabitants are to be at liberty to return to Russia within three years, or to become American citizens.

BRIBERY appears to be a common thing in the New York Legislature, if we may credit the statements of the *New York Tribune*. Some of the members appear to be ready to support any dirty job, provided they are well paid. Surely these gentlemen have been to school among our own "free and independent" electors.

THE Wisconsin Legislature has passed a Bill for enfranchising all women of legal age. So now we shall have a fair trial of the feminine capacity for politics, and we suppose Mr. Mill will keep a watchful eye on the result.

THE charge against a clergyman for an assault in a railway carriage, to which we drew attention last week, has rivalled anything in the way of judicial curiosities we have ever met with, for the strangeness of its proceedings and the remarkable decision at which the police magistrate arrived. On the first examination at the police-court the magistrate determined, in consequence of the apparent respectability of the complainant and the conflicting nature of the evidence, to send the case to the sessions, and adjourned the hearing in order to complete the depositions. At the next meeting an ex-artilleryman appeared as a witness for the defendant, and evinced a laudable anxiety, even at the sacrifice of truth, to free him from his trouble. The artilleryman, after having produced an honourable discharge from his regiment, gave a detailed account of that portion of the complainant's life which he said she had passed in the service of a Captain French, and whilst he, the artilleryman was keeping company with her. It was found, upon inquiry, that the complainant never was in Captain French's service, and that the honourably discharged artilleryman was a deserter, and his certificate a forgery. The defendant's next witness would appear rather to have erred in judgment than in truth. He was "the dealer in essential oils" who said he had heard the complainant make a similar charge against somebody else, and as some friends of his had had money extorted from them in a similar way, he followed the girl home, and found out where she lived. "The dealer in essential oils" omitted to say that the extortion under which his friends had suffered happened thirteen or fourteen years ago, and that the establishment at which he dealt in essential oils was the room in which he lived at half a crown a week rent. So much for the witnesses for the defendant. The magistrate after expressing his opinion that the complainant had been a respectable young woman all her life, and that her character had not been in the slightest degree affected by this examination, yet thought, that putting all the evidence together, there was no reasonable probability of a conviction. Now, when we reflect that the charge is one upon which a woman can scarcely make a mistake, we cannot help regretting that the case was stopped from going before a jury. It would have been far better to leave to them the task of reconciling the innocence of the defendant with the respectability of the complainant.

THE case of *Hancock v. Peaty* has been finally decided. It was, as all people who interest themselves with such matters know, a divorce case of a very unusual character. The law was not set in motion by the husband or by the wife; and now that he finds himself obliged to relinquish his spouse—for Mr. Peaty says he is exceedingly sorry to be reduced to such a necessity—he only gives in because he cannot hold out. He has married a woman who has been judicially declared *non compos* at the time of her marriage, and though he would willingly continue to live with her, and she with him, he has been advised by his friends to give up the thought of proving that she is now of sound mind, and, in fact, to restore her to her friends. This may or may not be the most prudent way of bringing the cause to a conclusion. But if a man has lived happily for several years with a wife who is intellectually queer, and if he and she are still willing to cohabit, does not the law seem a little too rigid which forces them asunder? Will Mrs. Peaty be safer or happier under the charge of her brother than with her husband? And again, admitting that she is not quite right, what is that amount of intellect which makes it safe for a woman to be under the control of any one but her husband? The question is large, we know. But in this case it seems to us that Mr. Peaty is as fit a guardian

of the woman he some time ago married as her brother can be.

A NEW feature is being introduced at funeral ceremonies. Addresses and orations at the grave have become common; and, as a novelty, we are now treated to a specimen of the popular testimonial. At the funeral, on Saturday last, at the Birmingham General Cemetery, of the unfortunate Mr. John Pryse, who was shot by Scott, the cashier of the jewellery firm of Messrs. Pryse & Redman, after the body had been committed to the grave in the presence of the deceased's widow, mother, sisters, brother, and friends, there ensued what the local papers call "a very interesting ceremony." First of all was read "an address of sympathy" to the widow from "the employés of" the firm, which was followed by a similar address "on behalf of the jewellers," in which "the business-like character" of the deceased, "his great worth as a mercantile man," and "the honourable and gentlemanly character in which he conducted his business transactions," are done full justice to. To these addresses the Rev. J. H. Scowcroft read a reply signed by the deceased's wife, brother, and business partner, saying that "grief checks the faculty of speech and takes away the power of utterance," and that "Death never comes with so much horror as when the hand of him who should have been the friend lets fall the mask and stands revealed the murderer,"—a sentiment which, as Mr. Mould, the coffin-maker in "Dombey and Son," would say, is worthy of the penny papers. If testimonials are to pursue men to their very graves, they will—to borrow the words of a Lord Chancellor concerning Lord Campbell's "Lives"—"add a new terror to death."

THE strike of the engine-drivers and firemen employed on the North-Eastern Railway, has resulted in a manner that must have considerably surprised the workmen. After a lapse of fourteen days, during which the directors, by means of help from quarters very unexpected, and through the forbearance of their customers, were able to maintain the traffic, the business of the railway has resumed its old form. All the vacancies have been filled up by new hands, or by the reappointment of some of the old men, and the superintendents and others who had become drivers on the emergency have returned to their former duties. Such a termination to a strike of 1,500 men, would tend to the notion that among railway servants, at all events, trades' unions are not the terribly powerful things they have been represented. The directors must not, however, feel too confident in their victory, for although the public has a strong antipathy to strikes, it is equally opposed to that system of overworking which has notoriously prevailed upon most of the railways.

SIR R. MURCHISON has received a letter from Dr. Kirk, eleven days later than previous dates, stating that traders have arrived at Quiloa, who had been within ten miles of the place where Dr. Livingstone is said to have been massacred, two months after the date of his alleged death, and that nothing was known there of any mishap having befallen him. They said, on the contrary, that he had continued onward towards the Avisa or Babisa country, after having met with a hospitable reception on the western shores of the north end of Lake Nyassa. To clear up all doubt, it is proposed to send out a search party, the command of which is to be entrusted to Mr. E. D. Young, who managed the *Pioneer* steam vessel on the Zambesi for two years, under Dr. Livingstone. The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have sanctioned this proposal, and Sir Roderick says that he has received more than twenty applications from competent men to serve as volunteers in the search expedition.

Is it nobody's business to see that our public parks do not become public nuisances? Hyde Park just now boasts of a betting ring at the clump of trees in the centre, from which a mob of enraged "sporting men" rushed the other day upon a "welsher," tore his clothes to rags, and nearly murdered him. On the 6th of May next Mr. Edmond Beales, M.A., and his Reform League are to hold a demonstration in the Park, whether the Government attempt to stop it or not. This demonstration, we are told, is to be made "worthy of the metropolis." We know how proud we ought to feel at the recollection of the last one. However the authorities may hesitate about preventing the exhibition of folly which Mr. Beales and his friends intend to make, surely they are strong enough to get rid of betting men and their dupes.

THE dockyard ballast-iron, nicknamed "Seely's pigs," after the member for Lincoln, who exposed the profligate use to which the Admiralty had applied it, is said to consist to a great extent of the iron requisite for the Palliser shot. This is the most costly description of iron, and it is not improbable that what the Admiralty is about to sell, the War Office may afterwards be obliged to purchase at a higher price. It would, of course, be inconsistent with the principles of the circumlocution office that this valuable iron should be handed over by the Admiralty to the War Office. Such a proceeding would be far too straightforward and sensible to be adopted.

THE progress of the Prince Imperial towards convalescence is said to be satisfactory. The abscess in the posterior part of the thigh, after having been twice opened by M. Nélaton, has been treated by the introduction of a *tube à drainage*, and it is slowly closing. The Prince eats well, sleeps well, and is cheerful. M. Nélaton advises his removal to a milder climate. With regard to our own illustrious patient, the report is that a small but appreciable improvement has shown itself in the condition of the affected joint. "For the rest," says a medical contemporary, "her Royal Highness's general health and spirits continue excellent, while, for the last three or four nights, the amount of natural and refreshing sleep which has been obtained leaves nothing to be desired."

WE have heard so little of late of the rebellion in China that we had almost forgotten it. The telegraph, however, now informs us that it is still lively, and that the Imperialists have suffered a serious reverse at the hands of the rebels in the province of Shantung. The Imperialists are always suffering reverses, like their namesakes in Mexico, without ever seeming to be much the worse for them.

A FUNNY story comes from India. It is said that "an envoy from Bokhara has recently visited Calcutta, to solicit the aid of the Viceroy to expel the Russians from that territory, and has left for Turkey to prefer a similar request to the Sultan." Were it not for official etiquette, we might well imagine that the answer of the Viceroy and the Sultan would be conveyed in a similar way to that of the sacristan in the "Ingoldsby Legends," who "put his thumb unto his nose, and spread his fingers out."

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

WILL your correspondent have any right to speak of the Oxford and Cambridge race at Putney after confessing that he was not on the spot? There is at least this much in his favour, that there is nothing new to chronicle. Have not the reporters of every paper, from the humble penny daily to the sixpenny weekly, detailed their experiences in splendid language, describing not only what they did see, but much of what it was impossible from any one position, whether bridge or steamer, that they could have seen? A well-known oar, in describing to your correspondent the results of the contest and the style of the rowing, put forward a view which we have not seen stated elsewhere, though we fancy we have detected it underlying more than one estimate of the race, that Oxford had it consciously in their hands from a few minutes after the start, rowing, as it is said, "within themselves." We are quite ready to see this view challenged, or even flatly contradicted, by authorities from either University, only remarking that it offers one solution of what was persistently called "the provoking slowness of the Oxford stroke." For our own part we incline to a much higher estimation of the powers of the Cambridge eight, and we feel that Mr. Griffiths and his crew merited the hearty laudation which they received. We still refuse to believe, despite the ominous tone of Mr. Griffiths' words, that there is any probability of this national race coming to an end. It is a great thing in these wide-awake days to witness a *bonâ-fide* race in which the interest of the performers is so bound up that it is sure never to be bought or sold. We remember an old waterman, by way of apologizing for always laying a little money on the event, explaining his reasons: "You see, sir, it's the only race as isn't a juggle." Surely this is high praise! Let us suppose that in a moment of undue depression our gallant competitors refrained from sending their challenge next year, who shall say where the next University race would take place?

The glories of Walham-green and St. James's Hall have been sung by other panegyrists. The world that cares to know knows all about Mr. Little's magnificent jump, Mr. Pitman's splendid rush, Mr. Michell's brilliant finish, Mr. Watts-Russell's *jenny*, and Mr. Rodgers' difficult cannon. It will be superfluous to run in their tracks or to take our cue from them. Yet we ought to be proud that so much is written and talked about the Universities just now. Mr. Coleridge, for example, has lost no time with his Tests Abolition Bill in moving Oxford forward "two pegs," as somebody says; and Mr. Fawcett is even brisker in getting Cambridge put on "one peg," by an additional clause introduced at about five minutes' notice. We do not altogether admire the tone in which the Bill has been introduced, but we are far from joining in the tearful or indignant protests that have been raised by not a few of our contemporaries, who, with their forebodings and appeals for memorials, seem almost to say, "The foundations will be cast down, and what hath the righteous done?" Well, if they sing *αἶνον, αἶνον εἰπέ* let us take for our motto the following words *τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω*. But it is not to be thought that all fighting about the Bill is over. We shall be surprised if it pass its third reading without a struggle in the Lower House, and still more surprised if it be unchallenged by the House of Lords. It would be much more satisfactory if the line were more clearly drawn between University emoluments and College emoluments. The former are professorships; the latter, fellowships. The election to fellowships is vested in the body of existing Fellows; the College statutes, for the most part, require, before election, a declaration of membership of the Established Church. Does the Bill contemplate the withdrawal of all restricting clauses from College statutes, or the transference of the election for College fellowships into the hands of Convocation? Probably no real opposition would be made in any quarter to the adoption of the Cambridge system of granting the M.A. degree that does not confer a vote; but this evidently falls far short of the intention of Mr. Coleridge's Bill.

Whatever is to be done for us or against us, by foes or friends, it would be far more satisfactory to see some comprehensive plan for the extension or alteration or modification of the present University system than to be subjected to multifarious little tinkering which are sure to produce a heterogeneous whole. When this letter appears in print the Colleges will be filling for the summer term. It will be worth while considering whether we shall not have to do a little job of internal tinkering, and alter the date for Little-go again. This time it fell in the midst of the vacation, and the result of so many undergraduates being in residence, with so very few tutors—sometimes none—in the Colleges to keep order, has been to throw a great deal of work upon the proctors. At one time it seemed to be approaching to a general festival of Saturnalia. A "happy thought," as *Punch* would say, struck an inventive genius among the undergraduates, and a paper was sent round to all the Colleges intimating that the Junior Proctor would be glad to see on a certain morning those gentlemen whose names were down for Responsions. About fifty of the more credulous put on reverential white ties, and proceeded to Wadham to call on Mr. Thorley at the appointed hour, but the porter had just received his orders to inform all comers that it was a hoax. The youths looked round about on one another, and remembered it was the Calends of April.

What the *Weekly Register* calls "the miserable Oxford mission" seems to have found some foes and many friends for Dr. Newman. Nothing could have been more complimentary than the address of confidence presented to him by Mr. Monsell from the leading Roman Catholics. But the Ultramontane party seems to suspect the doctor of Germanising tendencies, and to see wolf's feet under the sheep's clothing. With this part of the controversy we have nothing to do. But we have read with much delight other remarks on Oxford education put forward by the same journal. It acknowledges it to be most important that Catholic youths of powerful mind should receive a thorough intellectual education. Now the question is whether a University career would be likely to do this for them. What, in fact, it asks, has Oxford to give them? The answer to this is most important; to none more than to Oxford residents. To hear the unbiassed opinion of an outsider, even when we do not agree with him, is most valuable. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The advantages, then, that this place of learning can offer, are three-fold. 1. Classics and Mathematics. These studies are, we learn, taught, and generally taught badly, by college tutors and not by University professors. Then by way of bringing the accusation very near home, it tells us—"an unhappy young Catholic from Stonyhurst declares emphatically the great inferiority of the instruction which he now receives."

We are truly sorry he is unhappy, and we feel sadly sure that he is being taught in a way to which he is unaccustomed, and probably he cannot assimilate his new food. But the "unhappiness" is the painful part. Let us be cosmopolitan and introduce ecclesiastical Latin and patristic Greek into our curriculum; there is evidently something rotten in the way in which everything is taught among us. Now we come to our second inheritance, which seems to be "Aristotle, Oxford's special possession." But this is worse than poison, we learn, "for philosophy is related to theology, and if it is studied without reference to the Church's teaching, or if a youth learn it from those who despise that teaching, he is graduating in the devil's school. The whole foundation of his Catholic convictions is in imminent danger of becoming rotten and unsound." Now, it would doubtless be indecorous to refer to Dr. Hampden's famous Bampton Lectures upon the connection of Aristotle with the dogmatic teaching of the Church; but we hope that "unhappy young Catholic" will have a better champion, or a more respectful friend than the *Weekly Register*; for it is most disheartening to think of those "convictions" which would be swept away by the study of Aristotle, unless it was read with the glosses and interpretations of the Church upon it. But perhaps the fear is more true than the writer intended, for it may be that these youthful "powerful minds" might become insubordinate if they were led to think for themselves. The third advantage or disadvantage which is to be found in Oxford is the "collision with other highly-gifted, active, variously-endowed minds." This our contemporary does not hesitate to say would be "most disastrous;" a lament which implies only a dubious compliment to those with whom our young friends have been in the habit of associating elsewhere. But we learn the reason of the apprehension, for we are told that these persons of such high attainments "are saturated with either hatred or contempt of the Catholic religion." We trust it may be a long time before we experience either of those feelings for anything that can really be called a religion. But we can easily see that those who counsel the nursing of Catholic convictions, by isolation and a carefully cooked course of readings and interpretations, will inevitably lead many to a strong sense of the latter of the two sentiments. We trust it is not too much to hope that Oxford may be a national instructor without being suspected of propagandism. Of course those whose faith is jeopardized by mixing with others, and by reading Aristotle, had better at once seek the only security of monastic seclusion.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

LITTLE need be said about the Crystal Palace concert of Good Friday, the programmes each year being of similar character—consisting chiefly of detached songs from well-known oratorios. The singers on this occasion were Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss; with a chorus. The attendance nearly reached the large number of fifty thousand.

Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, brought back Mademoiselle Fricci (as Amelia) and Signor Graziani (as Renato) the lady singing with even increased dramatic intensity and power. Her delivery of the great recitative and air in the third act was in the best style of stage vocalization. Signor Graziani produced the same effect as ever by his beautiful voice and excellent Italian method of singing, and his principal air, "E sei tu," received the usual encore. Signor Mario, as the Duke, combines, as only he among stage tenors can combine, courtly bearing with the recklessness of his assumed fisherman's character in his visit to the sorceress's cavern. If the high chest notes of his voice are not, as heretofore, always at command, they are almost as beautiful as ever, when produced, while his phrasing and style are still admirable. Mademoiselle Nau, who made her first appearance in England on this occasion as the Page Oscar, has a thin, light soprano voice, rather penetrating than sympathetic in quality. She sings well in tune, and executes with some fluency; but of the probability of her making any position here we must wait for further opportunity to judge. Mlle. Morensi's commanding figure appears to great advantage in the part of the sorceress, Ulrica; and the music suits her better than that of some characters in which we have heard her. The other parts are well filled by Signori Tagliafico and Capponi; and the opera is altogether most effectively given, including the splendid stage accessories, fancy costumes, and ballet arrangements of the ball-room scene. "Masaniello" was to have been given here on Thursday night, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington for the first time as Elvira; but, owing to the illness of Signor Naudin, "Un Ballo in Maschera" was repeated, the performance of "Masaniello" being postponed to Tuesday next.

The new St. George's Hall, in Langham-place, was inaugurated on Wednesday night by a conversazione given by Professor Wylde and the Council of the new Philharmonic Society, whose concerts

are henceforth to be held in this room instead of, as heretofore, at St. James's Hall. The proceedings included a short opening address read by Mrs. Stirling, and a few vocal and instrumental performances, from the effect of which we expect that the room will turn out to be (what so few music-rooms are, especially when expressly built for the purpose), admirably adapted for its object. The hall is intended to contain an audience of some twelve or thirteen hundred—an ample number for performances where the lights and shadows of orchestral symphonies and overtures are required. The architect, Mr. John Taylor, seems to have paid successful attention to the details of lighting, ventilation, and sufficiency of egress, as well as to acoustical requirements; and, by the judicious use of colour in the interior, has given a cheerful and harmonious aspect to the room. At the first concert of the New Philharmonic Society, however, on Wednesday next, we shall have better opportunities of testing these first impressions.

The end of the Musical Society of London, announced some days since, may now be recorded on the best authority—the fact of their failure to give their second concert on Wednesday night as promised.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY'S "comedy-drama," called "The Great City," produced at Drury Lane on Monday night, is one of those pieces which may or may not be successful, but which can bring no increase of reputation to author or theatre. It is a very weak copy of "Oliver Twist," freshened up with realistic scenery and accessories such as the public were first made familiar with in "The Streets of London." It has a Jew as a prominent character, who is argumentative and offensive, with neither the tragic force of Fagin, nor the rascally humour of Mo' Davis in "Flying Scud;" it has the escape of a convict over the tiles, mildly suggestive of the house-top scene in which Bill Sykes flies from his pursuers; and it has a will hidden in the wall of an old house, like the will incident in the "Streets of London," but without the exciting adjunct of the house on fire, and the even more exciting and dramatic rescue of the imperilled document in Mr. Boucicault's Anglo-French drama. The dialogue of the play is its chief merit, the characters being mere conventional stage puppets, and the story a thorough *London Journal* romance of crime. Mr. Beverley has painted several scenes for the drama, which are wonderfully effective, one representing Waterloo Bridge with real lamps, Hansom cab and horse, and real turn-tables, and a most artistic perspective; the other representing a view of London from the city house-tops. These panoramic effects, copied from the Colosseum and the Cycloramas, were very attractive. The acting was sensible and not too melo-dramatic, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. J. C. Cowper, and Miss Madge Robertson sustaining the chief characters. Miss Robertson (a sister of the dramatist) is an elegant and agreeable actress, and will probably be an acquisition in comedy. The minor parts were well performed, and the stage management was satisfactory.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has produced a classical burlesque at the Olympic, under the title of "Olympic Revels," which enables most of the ladies of the establishment to show their personal attractions. The piece deals with the loves of Mars and Venus in true burlesque fashion, and contains a number of smart songs set to gay and jumping airs.

Miss Herbert has produced at the St. James's Theatre a romantic drama called "Idalia," founded upon the novel of the same name by "Ouida." The adapter is Mr. Roberts, who supplied this theatre with its version of "Lady Audley's Secret," and if the drama is somewhat stilted, the fault lies as much with the novelist as with the dramatist. The plot refers to modern Italian politics, and the characters remind us of G. P. R. James's creations. Miss Herbert, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Wyndham (an excellent actor from the New Royalty), play the chief parts, and the scenery is effective.

Mr. William Brough, whose burlesques used to be amongst the cleverest pieces of the kind produced in London, reappeared as a dramatic author on Saturday night last at the Strand Theatre, with an extravaganza called "Pygmalion." It is not one of Mr. Brough's most lively efforts—the puns are painfully laboured—but it is laid out with a knowledge of the capacity of the Strand company, and the taste of a Strand audience.

Mr. John Clarke, one of our most careful and striking character-actors, has accepted an engagement to replace Mr. J. L. Toole at the Adelphi, and on Saturday last he made his first appearance in a farce of very slight merit, called "A Fretful Porcupine." Mr. Clarke represents a very touchy gentleman, with amusing vigour, but the part hardly displays him to advantage.

M. Espinoza, who has not appeared in London since his engagement some years back at the Princess's, has produced a ballet called "The Satyr," at the Lyceum, in which he plays the chief character. M. Espinoza is unrivalled as a pantomimist and grotesque dancer.

Theatrical managers have always been more fond of copying each other than of thinking for themselves, and Astley's has consequently produced a gloomy drama, founded on Mr. Charles Dickens's novel of "Hard Times," which has evidently been suggested by "Shadow-Tree Shaft" and "Lost in London."

Sadler's Wells has been re-opened, under the management of Mr. W. H. Swanborough, with a new version of "Rip Van Winkle," in which Mr. Charles Rice, an actor well known in the provinces, appears, and the Strand burlesque of "Aladdin," by Mr. H. J. Byron, in which Mr. Walter Searle, a new and promising low comedian, appears.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE unfavourable appearance of foreign politics has had a marked effect upon the stock markets during the past week. There is hardly a diversity of opinion that war between France and Prussia is imminent, and the only question in dispute is the possible period at which it may break out. Every day the fluctuations on the foreign Bourses are eagerly watched, and, as far as the speculative public are concerned, serve as the sole guide to influence prices. Still the speculators are very often in a minority. *Bond-fide* investors are apt to take advantage of a temporary decline to make their purchases to the best advantage. To a great extent this has happened now. While the speculators have been preparing their sales on the expectation of a fall in the price, the public have been quietly buying, and the result is that stock is so scarce in the market that the quotation for immediate delivery is equal to, if not higher than that for the next account. The evident disinclination to embark in any but the safest securities is, in fact, becoming more evident every day. Foreign investments, for example, are entirely discredited. To take a recent instance, no country in the world can stand financially higher than Chili. Her credit is undisputed, and yet her last loan, issued at excessively low terms, is barely saleable now at 6 discount. Russia, again, has been always conspicuous for punctuality in meeting her engagements to the foreign creditor, and yet her last issue of scrip, after commanding for some time a good premium, is now at $4\frac{1}{2}$ discount. As regards Turkish and Italian bonds the depreciation has been enormous, and appears likely to go on. At no period, indeed, even in the very similar year of 1859, has the distrust for all kinds of foreign securities been so universally shown as now. The consequence is, that not only Consols but Indian guaranteed stocks have been almost solely in demand. The latter in particular have been largely bought, since they give a return of not much under 5 per cent., while the English funds yield little more than $3\frac{1}{4}$. To some extent likewise there has been more disposition to purchase home railway stocks. It is evident that a reaction is taking place from the general condemnation which was at one time visited upon all kinds of railway enterprise through the financial shortcomings of the London, Chatham, and Dover and other unfortunate companies. Thus far, however, it can only be looked upon as a commencement, but it is satisfactory to know that the tide has at length turned. Our railway investments have undergone serious fluctuations in general opinion, which are by no means uncommon. They have in former years been utterly over-estimated in value, and latterly they have been as unreasonably depreciated. The public, however, are beginning to see that there is a medium between these extreme views; that railways afford, at all events, a sure and tangible property, that they must receive a net income from their practical monopoly, and that the most grievous vices of previous management prominently shown in the too frequent wanton expenditure on Parliamentary battles are effectually curbed. Altogether, if the nearly certain outbreak of war on the Continent has, financially speaking, produced many evils, it has equally brought some good things in its train. At any rate, it will tend to keep our spare capital for employment in our own country instead of allowing it to be worse than wasted in foreign loans contracted under various pretexts, but almost sure to be ultimately used for costly and aggressive military expenditure.

The discount market has been generally quiet. Some withdrawals of gold have taken place from the Bank for the Continent, but these were generally anticipated, nor have they been of sufficient magnitude to excite much attention. The movement is, in fact, merely temporary, since the outbreak of war will infallibly lead to large amounts of continental money being sent over here for safe custody, if not for employment. Meanwhile the existing uncertainty acts seriously upon trade, as if hostilities had been actually commenced. The demand for money is altogether inadequate to the supply. First class paper is comparatively scarce, and is readily taken at $2\frac{3}{8}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. On the Stock Exchange the rates for loans on Government securities are only nominal. The Bank yesterday did not reduce their minimum, chiefly, it may be supposed, from the withdrawals of gold that have latterly taken place, and the uncertain prospect of how long they are likely to continue. To judge, however, from previous experience it is barely possible that the drain of bullion can be of any material significance.

It is not agreeable to contemplate the prospect of a war between France and Germany. Leaving all humanitarian feelings aside, and looking at it in a strictly business point of view, it is a calamity which affects us in only a secondary degree to the nations actively engaged. France and Germany are two of our best customers, and whatever evils they suffer from react upon ourselves. The sure result, as far as we are concerned, will be a further material contraction of our general trade, already too much depressed. Then, of course, there will always be the danger, or the dread of it, that we may be involved in the war, the actuality or the supposition being equally prejudicial to our general commerce. Some moderate advantages we may gain by remaining the temporary depositaries of continental funds; but these will bear no comparison to the loss that will in other respects accrue. It is sincerely to be hoped that, even at the last moment, the calamity may be averted.

Much interest is manifested in the result of the approaching meeting of the London and Brighton Railway Company, adjourned to next Tuesday. It cannot be denied that the shareholders have ample materials before them for forming an opinion, since not only have the directors made their views public at considerable length, but the late chairman has also added a private manifesto of his own. Like almost all railway questions, the subject has been surrounded with complications which render it nearly impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. One very desirable result has nevertheless been attained. The time seems to have gone by when directors and shareholders looked upon one another as antagonistic parties, the one showing nothing but overbearing disregard of all opinions except their own, and the other of unconquerable and often unreasoning distrust. Adversity has, at least, produced this change for the better, that both sides have learnt the lesson of their having a common interest in the well-being of their company. It requires but a short experience of railway matters to appreciate the material value of this better tone of feeling. If, indeed, our railway companies are to get safely through their financial difficulties, it will certainly not be done by the lavish use of personal recrimination such as has been of late too commonly employed. All that is required is some forbearance and tact, a hearty co-operation, and, above all, a disposition to believe that it is possible to advocate a particular course of action without being actuated by unworthy motives.

THE Statistical Committee of Lloyd's have published their annual analysis of wrecks and casualties for 1866. It gives the casualties to shipping reported from all parts of the world, distinguishing the nature of the accident in each case, whether from abandonment, collision, stranding, capture, piracy, fire, or other cause, and also the results, whether total loss or simply damage more or less to ship or cargo. It likewise states the loss of life reported, but in this respect the returns are at present most imperfect, and the committee believe the actual number to be greatly in excess of that given in the various tables. It appears that during the twelve months the total casualties to vessels was 11,711, of which 4,378 were in the first quarter, 1,760 in the second, 2,043 in the third, and 3,530 in the fourth, so that the disasters to shipping from January to March are two-and-a-half times as numerous as in the three months from April to June. A classification of the casualties shows that the total number of 11,711 reported during the year includes 98 missing, 341 abandoned, 1,958 that had come in collision, of which, however, 492 escaped without material injury, and only 198 were sunk, 530 foundered, 3,381 stranded, of which 1,672 were got off, 36 captured, 18 suffered from piracy, 173 from fire, 605 from bad stowage, 1,197 leaky, 743 loss of anchors or chains, 194 (exclusively steamers) machinery damaged or short of coal, 349 mutiny, 2,048 loss of sails, bulwarks, &c., and 40 waterlogged. Out of these 11,711 casualties 2,234 involved total loss of the ship and 1,946 total loss of cargo. The total of lives reported lost is 2,644, of which 989 occurred during the second quarter, when the general casualties were at their minimum, while the average of each of the other three quarters was only 531, and the smallest number was between January and April, when the disasters were at their maximum—an anomaly to be explained, perhaps, by the crowd of emigrants that take their departure in the spring months, and thus render any accident at that period peculiarly fatal to life. It is further shown that of the casualties reported, 10,627 were to sailing-vessels and 1,084 to steamers, and that, in the latter case, one-third were from collision, while the collisions of sailing-vessels comprised only the proportion of 15 per cent. of the casualties. No steamer suffered from piracy, but the proportion of damages to steamers by fire was about twice as great as to sailing-vessels. Instances of mutiny appear to be almost as frequent in steamers as in sailing-vessels. It is from leaks, loss of anchors or chains, or sails, that sailing-vessels exhibit a great preponderance of mishaps. A portion of the tables shows the geographical sections wherein the several casualties occurred, and the information thus conveyed is likely to become very useful when the returns shall extend over a series of years. The present publication is the first embracing an entire year, the previous issue with which the undertaking commenced, and which made its appearance last October, having comprised only the first six months of 1866.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MILL'S DISSERTATIONS AND DISCUSSIONS.*

ONE of the most remarkable facts which the historian of the future must take into account in estimating the forces that have governed progress in our age and country is, in spite of Mr. Buckle, the individual influence of a great man. At whatever department of thought we glance, we distinguish, by comparison with the conditions of twenty years ago, the unmistakable stamp of one mind. Within the period named, the experiential school of philosophy, which had almost disappeared from the country of Locke, driven out by a crude deluge of German transcendentalism, has been raised almost to scientific perfection, has been formulated, criticised, cleared of obscurities. Inductive logic, since Bacon's time practically regnant in England, has vindicated as well a just philosophical supremacy. The great problems of social and intellectual freedom have been boldly shaped into a grand code of tolerance, to which even bigots are now compelled to yield at least a lip-worship. Among our public men and writers a broader view of responsibilities, class pretensions, and national claims has begun to prevail. Both in theoretical and practical politics the narrow selfishness, which aped Utilitarianism but was really its antithesis, has been to some extent discarded; and now, if we have not quite escaped the taint of party bitterness in political discussion, we have at all events the gratification of seeing that the number is ever increasing of thinkers and even statesmen, who set philosophy above intrigue and petty private interests. On the whole we are justified in the boast—though we see more promise as yet than performance—that this generation is less the slave of prejudices and formulas, more earnest, more thoughtful, more logical than that which immediately preceded it. It would be difficult to over-estimate the share in this distinct and welcome advance which is due to the personal influence of Mr. John Stuart Mill.

Mr. Mill's earlier appearances as an anonymous writer were of a very varied kind. Poetry, history, and fiction, were among the subjects of his keen impartial criticism. But after the publication of his great works on political economy and logic, we find that he limits his labours to the severer walks of study, in which he has become illustrious as an authority. The third volume of his collected essays, which lies before us, does not include any critical discussions such as those on Alfred de Vigny in the first volume, and on Michelet's History of France in the second. Politics and metaphysics divide this latest republication of Mr. Mill's periodical writings. Under the former head may be included the valuable papers "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," and "Recent Writers on Reform," which appeared during the discussions attendant on the appearance of Mr. Disraeli's Bill of 1859, as also "A Few Words on Non-Intervention," and "The Contest in America," reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*. The elaborate and exhaustive criticism on "Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence" occupies to some extent a neutral ground between the foregoing strictly political essays, and the two important contributions to mental science which form part of the same volume—the dissertations on "Bain's Psychology," and "Grote's Plato."

The governing principle of all Mr. Mill's teaching, whether in politics, in social science, or in philosophy, may be fairly described as an enlightened and systematized individualism. If we assume, as is the all but universal custom with Englishmen, that any attempt to base society on the idea of fraternity must be pernicious, and is to be denounced as Socialist and revolutionary, we shall find in Mr. Mill's system the most admirable type of modern development. Where the political economy of others is hard and narrow, his takes a broader view, and does not arrogate an irrational dominion over the higher instincts of human nature. Thus we find that alone, after Adam Smith, Mr. Mill has put his favourite science into a form not repulsive to those benevolent aspirations which no science can extinguish in man. In the same way he has softened down the harsher traits of the utilitarian philosophy, as it derived itself from Bentham. In politics, the dry Radicalism of his father, James Mill, and his school, has been vivified and informed with a new soul by that noble chapter in the "Political Economy" on "The Probable Futurity of the Labouring Classes," by the "Essay on Liberty," and the "Representative Government." And those students of mental philosophy who would have rejected the gross materialism of Hartley and Condillac, can recognise in the refutation of Hamilton a metaphysical theory which neither revolts the logical sense nor the spiritual nature. It is this apt combination of the strictest principles of individualism with a generous enthusiasm for everything that is just and noble, which has gained for Mr. Mill his wide and potent sway over the mind of England. Resting as that sway does, on the free allegiance of the most enlightened and the most ardent spirits among the younger generation of Englishmen, it must, beyond question, be extended and strengthened with mere lapse of time. How far this philosophy can be considered an ultimate growth, admits of more doubt. It can only be supplanted, however, if at all, by a system based on the solidarity of mankind and on theories which only a few thinkers in this country regard as other than hopeless, unattainable dreams.

Almost every page of the volume before us furnishes us with an example of Mr. Mill's power over opinion. To him is due the growing interest felt by the public in Mr. Hare's scheme of per-

sonal representation, and the growing toleration accorded to its discussion. This plan is clearly the very apotheosis of individualism in the domain of practical politics, and, as such, will never meet with the approval of those who regard rather the action of the popular will through masses than the division of the state into little groups of personal interests. It is so very improbable that we can go so far in the way of recasting our institutions as to adopt Mr. Hare's ingenious machinery, that the question is practically taken out of the sphere of useful debate, since we believe even Mr. Mill himself, in bringing it under the notice of the House of Commons, rather desires to assert the principle than hopes to establish the actual change. A more real benefit, in our present effort to complete some satisfactory representative Reform, may be derived from Mr. Mill's sensible statement of the advantages of grouping, in a redistribution of seats. Whatever may be the fate of the franchise clauses of the present Government Bill, no one believes that Mr. Disraeli's redistribution plan has any chance of favourable acceptance. In this point, however, the scheme of last year was very little better, and was open to all the objections which Mr. Mill ably urges against Lord John Russell's Bill of 1852. In view of some probable modification of the grouping system being proposed by one or other party, the following remarks on the radical vice of previous propositions will be found interesting:—

"Yet, if the principle of combining several boroughs was once admitted, what course could be more obvious than to take all the present boroughs, and all unrepresented towns of more than a certain amount of population (say, for example, 5,000), and leaving out all those, whether existing as boroughs or still to be created, whose importance entitles them to one member, or more than one, of their own, to arrange the others in groups according to geographical convenience, care being taken to give to each group something like the same number of electors. No reason is apparent why this plan was not adopted, except the misplaced scruple against merging two existing boroughs into one. If what is now a borough is to become one of a group, what difference can it make to the electors whether they are bound up with existing, or only with newly-enfranchised co-electors? What could be more absurd than that Calne and Chippenham, both nomination boroughs, and actually conterminous, should (as in Lord John Russell's scheme) subsist as a sort of double star, with each its separate system of planets; or that Amesbury and Downton should be recalled from Schedule A to furnish a supplementary constituency to the little borough of Wilton, instead of adding it to the adjacent city of Salisbury? The proper aggregate number of members for small towns being first, after due consideration, determined, all places of such size as to be politically entitled to the designation of towns should be admitted to share in it. The greater the number of places included in each district, the better prospect of a creditable choice. The local influences of families and corporations would then have more chance of neutralizing one another; and with the aid of stringent measures against all forms of corruption, there would be some prospect that the choice of representatives might occasionally be made on public rather than on private grounds."

The papers in this volume, which originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, were so widely read in their original form, that we need hardly do more than point to the fact of their republication. In "Recent Writers on Reform"—a criticism on the theories of Mr. Austin, Mr. Hare, and Professor Lorimer—was developed that philosophical bias in favour of plural voting which was outlined in the "Representative Government," but to which, perhaps, experience in practical legislation has since weakened Mr. Mill's attachment. A more important production in every sense was the eloquent and keen-sighted examination of the American contest. This, more than anything else that was published on either side of the Atlantic, set clearly before the educated mind of England the real issues involved in the Civil War. We are wise after the event; but even had facts disproved Mr. Mill's forecast, we should still admire the generous sympathies which prompt such a passage as this:—

"For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry 'Peace, peace.' I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that, being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war in a good cause is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice—a war to give victory to their own idea of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated their ever renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time

* Dissertations and Discussions; Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By John Stuart Mill. Vol. III. London: Longmans.

come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the Free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts."

In this brilliant appreciation of the great cause which was the object of the American contest, the individualism of Mr. Mill's philosophy slips somewhat out of sight; and it seems no less overmastered in the "Exposition of the Theory of Non-Intervention." The common Radical creed would scarcely admit of the large exception which Mr. Mill lays down as necessary to the proper working of what may be called Cobdenism. Though the prospect opened up in this passage be alluring, we fear that it is, for the present at least, unattainable:—

"But the case of a people struggling against a foreign yoke, or against a native tyranny upheld by foreign arms, illustrates the reasons for non-intervention in an opposite way; for in this case the reasons themselves do not exist. A people the most attached to freedom, the most capable of defending and of making a good use of free institutions, may be unable to contend successfully for them against the military strength of another nation much more powerful. To assist a people thus kept down is not to disturb the balance of forces on which the permanent maintenance of freedom in a country depends, but to redress that balance when it is already unfairly and violently disturbed. The doctrine of non-intervention, to be a legitimate principle of morality, must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free States. Unless they do, the profession of it by free countries comes but to this miserable issue, that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right. Intervention to enforce non-intervention is always rightful, always moral, if not always prudent. Though it be a mistake to give freedom to a people who do not value the boon, it cannot but be right to insist that if they do value it, they shall not be hindered from the pursuit of it by foreign coercion. It might not have been right for England (even apart from the question of prudence) to have taken part with Hungary in its noble struggle against Austria; although the Austrian Government in Hungary was in some sense a foreign yoke. But when, the Hungarians having shown themselves likely to prevail in this struggle, the Russian despot interposed, and joining his force to that of Austria, delivered back the Hungarians, bound hand and foot, to their exasperated oppressors, it would have been an honourable and virtuous act on the part of England to have declared that this should not be, and that if Russia gave assistance to the wrong side, England would aid the right. It might not have been consistent with the regard which every nation is bound to pay to its own safety, for England to have taken up this position single-handed. But England and France together could have done it; and if they had, the Russian armed intervention would never have taken place, or would have been disastrous to Russia alone: while all that those Powers gained by not doing it, was that they had to fight Russia five years afterwards, under more difficult circumstances, and without Hungary for an ally. The first nation which, being powerful enough to make its voice effectual, has the spirit and courage to say that not a gun shall be fired in Europe by the soldiers of one Power against the revolted subjects of another, will be the idol of the friends of freedom throughout Europe. That declaration alone will insure the almost immediate emancipation of every people which desires liberty sufficiently to be capable of maintaining it: and the nation which gives the word will soon find itself at the head of an alliance of free peoples, so strong as to defy the efforts of any number of confederated despots to bring it down. The prize is too glorious not to be snatched sooner or later by some free country; and the time may not be distant when England, if she does not take this heroic part because of its heroism, will be compelled to take it from consideration for her own safety."

We might pause with pleasure over Mr. Mill's "Criticism of Austin's Jurisprudence," in which the utilitarian theory of positive law is formulated. We might examine the two companion essays on "Bain's Psychology" and Grote's "Plato," which, like the famous criticisms on Coleridge and Bentham, correct and supplement each other; and, with the "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," complete Mr. Mill's metaphysical system. But we have said enough, and quoted enough, to show that this volume is one which will eminently repay the task of perusal—that it is in no way inferior to any of Mr. Mill's previously published works. May we here call the attention of the author and publisher to an omission which seriously detracts from the value of Mr. Mill's works as at present printed? We mean the absence of an index. In the case of books which are so constantly required for reference as well as study, this is a grave defect—one, let us hope, that will be remedied in future editions.

THE BOYLE LECTURES FOR 1866.*

IN the work before us Professor Plumptre has shown himself no ordinary master of theological dialectics. He has given us an able vindication of the teaching and mission of the Redeemer, though neither original in its design nor novel in its arguments. It is curious and instructive to note how infidelity and Christianity have each of them changed from time to time their respective grounds of attack and defence. The sceptics of old did not dare to deny the fact of the miracles attributed to the founder of Christianity, but

they tried to get rid of their force as an evidence of the divine mission of Christ by assigning them to the authorship of the Devil. The sceptics of our days take other grounds: some of them deny that miracles are ever wrought by any being, human or divine, simply because, as they gratuitously assume, a miracle is an impossibility, from the very nature of things, as well as a contradiction to the human laws and order of the universe. Others, again, deny the possibility of ever proving a miracle, because human experience attests the fallibility of human evidence, and miraculous agency is not attested by human experience. The unbelievers of another school have directed their attacks upon the divine records, and more especially upon that record in particular which tells of the earthly career of the Saviour, and have endeavoured to show the former to be a forgery, and the latter to be a myth.

On the other hand, the defenders and apologists of Christianity have at times sought to hazard the evidence of Christianity on single points of its history or doctrine, preferring to defeat the enemy by single combat rather than by a general engagement. Attempts have been made, with various degrees of success, to prove the truth of Christianity by the single consideration of its pure morality, of its adaptation to man's moral wants and weaknesses, of the circumstances of St. Paul's conversion, of the evidences of Christ's Resurrection, of the Christian miracles, of prophecy, of the existence and spread of Christianity. To some extent the particular attitude of defence assumed by the defenders of Christianity has been determined by the attitude of attack assumed by its assailants. The critical age of scepticism, which sought to destroy the validity and trustworthiness of the divine record of inspiration, naturally called forth a critical vindication of the genuineness and authenticity of that inspired oracle of Christianity. On the other hand, the metaphysical age that seeks to destroy all argument from miracles in favour of Christianity, by postulating the impossibility of the miracle as a fact, or the impossibility of its proof, as an evidence, can only be encountered upon its own ground by showing the possibility, both of the miracle itself, and of the ground of evidence by which it may be established.

This able work of Mr. Plumptre's takes in most of the ground covered by the ancient and modern apologists and defenders of the Christian faith, and gives a fair and candid summary of the leading and most characteristic points in the old and new forms of infidelity.

Our author has kept his good wine for the last portion of his entertainment, for it is in his valuable Appendices that we come upon the most precious fruits of his labours. In his sequel we have an able and clear statement and discussion of some of the gravest questions that have agitated the religious world since the Reformation. The titles of these Appendices are sufficient to mark their importance, and among them the following may be enumerated:—"Attempts at Union since the Reformation," "The Recent Lives of Jesus," "The Apocryphal Gospels," "The Influence of Apollinarianism on Modern Theology," and "The Personality of Evil."

"Christ and Christendom" is a most appropriate title given to these Boyle Lectures for the year 1866, treating as they do of the life, manner, miracles, teaching, work, and resurrection of Christ, and also of the conflicting views held by the various Churches into which Christendom now is unhappily divided. The object of the lecturer has been to defend the fundamental truths of Christianity, which are common to all professing Christians, against the common assaults of modern infidelity. It is thus Professor Plumptre speaks of his "choice of a subject," and "the conditions" under which these lectures were delivered.

"The choice of a subject to which I have thus been led falls in, almost more completely than any other at the present time could do, with the conditions prescribed by the founder of this Lecture. He, too, was impressed with the feeling that the points on which Christians differ one from another are of small moment as compared with the faith in which they all agree, and directed all who might be appointed as lecturers to pass over those, and to confine themselves to the defence of these. He lived at a time when practically that defence was more difficult than it is now, because the warfare was carried on not with the weapons of historical and critical inquiry, which scholars and thinkers can wield as on equal ground, according to their skill, but with ridicule and *persiflage*, which often (as Butler complained a little later) drove back the apologist within the barriers of a protesting silence, and when the attack was accordingly far more outrageous—more utterly wanting in all reverence for the character of Christ, and all appreciation of the history of Christendom. And that founder, we must remember, was himself not ignorant of the evil against which he called on those who followed him to wage war. It was by his own experience of the evil that he had learned to sympathize with and help those who were suffering from it. In a striking passage, which one among the most illustrious of my predecessors has made familiar to many readers, he records how at one period of his life there fell upon him a horror of great darkness, 'strange and hideous thoughts,' 'a deep, raving melancholy,' 'distracting doubts of some of the fundamentals of Christianity,' 'impious suggestions,' 'tedious perplexity.' Out of this wretchedness he was delivered. In the very act which the Church of Christ has received as the pledge, witness, means of communion with His human life, and through it with the divine nature which is inseparable from it, there came back upon him the 'withdrawn sense of God's favour.' We need not wonder that such an experience should have influenced for good of the highest kind the whole tenor of his after life. The school of merely forensic apologists, holding a brief for Christianity, who have never known that conflict with doubt, may be acute, triumphant, defiant, meeting scorn with scorn and railing with railing; but those who,

* Christ and Christendom. "The Boyle Lectures" for the year 1866. By the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Strahan.

like Boyle and Butler, have felt the misery of losing, and the joy of regaining, their faith in Christ and God—those who have followed their Master in 'being led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil,'—will, like Him, have learned to 'have compassion on the ignorant and them that are out of the way,' for that 'they themselves also are compassed with infirmity.' Any other temper than that of sympathy and pity, evil as it is everywhere, would in one who occupies this place be simply monstrous."

It is not among the lesser merits of Professor Plumptre as a controversialist that we place his honesty and candour in dealing with all those who differ, however widely, from his own views. Like the great founder of these lectures, he unites a holy horror of infidelity with a charitable tenderness towards those who are its victims, and the venom and gall of bitterness that too often mingles with religious controversy, are here conspicuous by their absence. In maintaining the divine truths of the Gospel our author has ever before his eyes that charity which is its divinest attribute. Where others rail, he reasons; where others denounce, he deplures.

This kindly and yet uncompromising sympathy with the honest doubts and difficulties of others is everywhere manifested, and more especially in the treatment of Renan, Comte, and of the gifted author of "Ecce Homo." In such fashion does the lecturer handle his keen-pointed logic while cutting his way through the closest sophistry, that his weapon, like the spear of Achilles, combines the power of healing with that of wounding. Untrammelled by the traditions of any theological school, and unworped by the narrow prejudices of any party, he has identified himself with the true progress of a progressive age, and with an honest catholicity of spirit he has widened the horizon of religious speculation with the widening of an epoch whose discoveries have thrown light on every region of nature, from its smallest organism to the distant worlds that illumine the infinitudes of space. Science as well as literature are here shown to be ancillary to the evidence of faith which comes with a mission from an intelligent Author of Nature. Following Bishop Butler's method, though not altogether surveying the same field of inquiry, many of the arguments here brought forward are drawn from analogy. They are always stated with clearness, and applied with that aptness and eloquence for which our author is eminently distinguished. Here is a brief specimen of his powers of analogical reasoning:—

"The will of one man affects the material universe, not only as the volition of an animal may affect it, but to an almost incalculable extent. It may change the face of nature, turn a wilderness into a garden or a garden into a wilderness, control the lightning, modify climate, tame brute beasts, preserve or extinguish species, restrain the pestilence, prolong life or hasten death, affect the destinies of men for centuries. True it is that man does these things as the 'minister et interpres naturæ.' He submits that he may command. Patiently he explores the laws of nature, and, having learnt them, works under their guidance, and so exercises a combining and constructive power, which is at least an approximation to a creative energy. But if so, if man be thus an author and originator of effects, the starting-point, within limits, of a breach of continuity in the normal succession of phenomena, may we not reason upwards from the lower to the higher, and claim that power in a yet higher form for the Supreme Intellect and Will? Is it not in strict harmony with the analogy of experience to suppose it possible that one man even may so transcend his fellows in what brings him nearer to the wisdom and the goodness of God, as to receive from Him some portion of His power also?"

While awarding to Professor Plumptre's Boyle Lectures the highest praise of being, to our mind, one of the most valuable and unanswerable defences of Christianity that have lately appeared, we cannot close our eyes to its blemishes and shortcomings. In too many passages we trace a hasty hand, though it is always the hand of a master; and, in some cases, we fear, Mr. Plumptre has scarcely made the most of his data, and, in others, he seems to have taken up in *haste*, a mischievous and erroneous line of argument.

In noticing the natural out-growths of Christianity, Mr. Plumptre traces to the Divine Founder of the Christian religion "the starting point of all hospitals." We must regret that he has not gone deeper into the question of the benevolent fruits that Christianity has brought forth for the temporal benefit of the human race. In this we find a fertile source of inquiry. Hospitals and infirmaries for the sick and poor were unknown to the refined but selfish civilization of Greece and Rome. Christianity alone, among the religions of the earth, has taken the poor man's wants under its provident care, and Christianity alone has taught us to follow the example of the Redeemer, in teaching the ignorant, in healing the sick, in clothing the naked, in feeding the hungry, in giving freedom to the captive. And what has been the result of even this partial teaching of Christian men and this partial following of our Divine exemplar? Serfdom and slavery have been annihilated by the Christianity of Europe, the maintenance and care of the poor has become a part of the laws of our civil society; institutions have arisen to heal the diseases and to alleviate the sufferings of that large class that Paganism, in its best of forms, regarded with the most passive indifference. Let the world then judge of Christianity by its fruits, and the justice of the world must bless it for its work's sake.

We must notice a very able lecture on the Miracles of Christ, though weakened by considerable drawbacks in respect to terminology. On a question of such vital importance as that of the miracles our terminology can scarcely be too precise. The Duke of Argyle, in his excellent treatise on the "Reign of Law," has given

up the ordinary and as we can conceive mischievous distinction of the *natural* and the *supernatural*, and maintains, apparently on the most exclusive grounds, that all exercises of divine powers, whether ordinary or extraordinary, are under the government of divine laws. Thus miracles, which Professor Plumptre regards as "marvellous and supernatural in their character," with the Duke of Argyle are but "the expressions of a higher law working out its own ends among the lower and ordinary sequences of life and history." Now there is a twofold benefit in adopting this latter view. In the first place, it postulates not only an harmony, but even an alliance, between the ascertained and the unascertained order of nature as subject in common to a common Author of Nature; and in the next place, it cuts the ground from under those who deny the possibility of miracles, because miracles are commonly understood to be "suspension of natural laws," or "violations of the uniform order of nature."

If we admit, as we are bound to admit, that the ordinary course of nature is of divine appointment, and if we regard miracles as "violations" of His ordinary course of nature, we place the "supernatural" in contradiction to the "natural" course of God's rule in the universe. Again, until by complete induction, we have arrived at a knowledge of *all the laws* and conditions of nature, we are not in a position to say how far any event is *beyond* or *above* such laws and such conditions, or is a "violation" or "suspension" of such laws. We know something of the laws *ascertained*; but what of the *unascertained* laws of nature? An event may happen not in keeping with the former, and yet perfectly compatible with the latter. Instead of the term "supernatural," here used by Mr. Plumptre and others, we would substitute "*superhuman*" as the distinctive attribute most appropriate to miracles, and in this case we only follow our Redeemer's estimate of his own works, for He appeals to His miracles in these memorable terms, "as works which none other man did."

After all abatements are made, we must admit that Professor Plumptre has added considerably to his fame by this his last work, which will be the more treasured the more it is known and examined.

A MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY.*

It has been well said that the religion of a nation is the soul of a nation. The truth of this principle is more applicable to the Greeks and Romans than to any other of the nations of antiquity, the Jews only excepted; and for a proof of this we have only to notice the leaven of mythology that pervades the whole body of Greek and Roman poetry, that branch of literature, be it observed, that in particular reflects the soul of a nation. To such a degree is the ancient classical poetry of Greece and Rome interpenetrated with the legends of gods and goddesses that it has come to be maintained by some of the highest authorities that the early classical poets were the very creators of classical mythology. To Homer, especially, was assigned the honour of having invented the Greek mythology for the embellishment or the machinery of his wonderful poetry. According to Varro, there were three kinds of classical theology. 1. The mythical or fabulous, which belonged to the poets; 2. the civil or political, which was founded on the mythical, and belonged to the magistrates; 3. the physical or natural, which belonged to the philosopher. The most distinguished of our modern scholars have assumed with Varro (who only followed Plato) that mythology was but the first outpouring of a nation's poetical fancy; and therefore it is to the imaginative faculties we must look if we are to discover any key to open its many mysteries, and to unlock its most intricate marvels. Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, and the author of the charming volume before us, have trodden the same path of comparative mythology, and it appears with the happiest results.

The principles upon which Mr. Cox has so beautifully, and, we may add, so ingeniously and modestly, explained the ancient myths are thus set forth in his own words:—

"Thus, then, you see that mythology, as we call it now, is simply a collection of the sayings by which men once upon a time described whatever they saw and heard in the countries where they lived. This key, which has unlocked almost all the secrets of mythology, was placed in our hands by Professor Max Müller, who has done more than all other writers to bring out the exquisite and touching poetry that underlies these ancient legends. He has shown us that in their first shape, these sayings were all perfectly natural, and marvellously beautiful and true. We see the lovely evening twilight die out before the coming night; but when they saw this, they said that the beautiful Eurydice (Eurydice) had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to fetch her back from the land of the dead. We see the light which had vanished in the west reappear in the east; but they said that Eurydice was now returning to the earth. And as this tender light is seen no more when the sun himself is risen, they said that Orpheus had turned round too soon to look at her, and so was parted from the wife whom he loved so dearly.

"And as it is with this sad and beautiful tale, so it is with all those which may seem to you coarse or dull or ugly. They are so only because the real meaning of the names has been half forgotten or wholly lost. Cedipus and Perseus, we are told, killed their parents, but it is only because the sun was said to kill the darkness from which it seems to spring. So again, it was said that the sun was united in the evening to the light from which he rose in the morning: but in

* A Manual of Mythology. By Rev. G. W. Cox. London: Longmans.

the later story it was said that *Œpidus* became the husband of his mother *Iocastê* (*Jocasta*), and a terrible history was built up on this notion."

Next to the origin of Paganism, which is so well traced here to the poetical personification of the objects and phenomena of nature as they appeared to the unreasoning imagination of a highly poetical race, we must note the universal extent to which Mr. Cox, following Professor Müller, carries this principle into comparative mythology, and shows not only its application as a principle to the mythology of the Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, Germans, Celts, and Norsemen, but the substantial identity of their various myths, which are but other forms of the same interpretations of nature. It is in no idle and exaggerated terms Professor Müller declares, "I had no doubt that we were working in the right direction, and from the several pillars and arches that had been laid open by various diggers, I felt convinced that in comparative mythology we had discovered a real crypt, underlying and supporting the temples and statues of the ancient Gods of the Aryan world!"

For the comparative mythology which unlocks the ancient myths, Mr. Cox has found a key in comparative philology. This was to be expected from the very striking similarity that pervades the primitive roots of the Indo-Germanic languages. It is not a little singular that our earliest achievements in the mastery of languages have been applied to the illustration of national history, and it is now, at a comparatively late stage, that we have begun to turn upon mythology the illumination of those manifold lights which a comparison of different languages can alone supply, notwithstanding that the mythology of a nation is more ostensibly bound up with its language than its history can be. We will give one single instance of the manner in which our author brings comparative mythology and comparative philosophy to bear upon his explanations of the old classical legends. Now, few myths present a more irresistible surface to the solvent of a myth-interpreter than the wild legend of *Cacus*, the three-headed son of *Vulcan*, who stole the cattle of *Hercules*, and, to avoid detection, dragged them backwards into his cave. As the myth deduced, *Cacus* was discovered, and though he defended himself by vomiting fire upon his enemy, he was slain by the unerring weapon of *Hercules*, who recovered his stolen property from the cave. It is in the following fashion that Mr. Cox interprets the legend and explains the name of its hero:—

"What then is *Cacus*?"

"As the three-headed monster, he answers exactly to the Greek *Geryon* and *Kerberos* (*Cerberus*), the Indian *S'arvara*. As stealing the cows of *Hercules*, he is *Vritra*, who shuts up the rain in the thunder cloud, and who is pieced by the lance of *Indra*. He is again seen in the *Panis* who steal the cows of *Indra*. The flames which he sends forth from his cave are the lightnings which precede that downpour of the rain which is signified by the recovery of the cows from *Cacus*.

"What is the origin of the name *Cacus*?"

"By some it has been connected with the Greek word *κακός*, *bad*. But the length of the first syllable is against this notion. Other forms of the name are *Kakias* and *Cæculus*, who, in the mythology of *Præneste*, a town near *Rome*, was a son of *Vulcan*, and also a flame-vomiting robber. Now *Aristotle* speaks of a wind called *Kaikias* (*Cæcias*) which has the power of attracting the clouds, and cites the proverb that men draw mischiefs towards themselves as *Kaikias* draws the clouds. But the clouds are everywhere the cattle or cows of *Indra*, *Helios*, *Phœbus*, and *Hercules*: hence the proverb would become a tale which would have its germ in the phrase '*Cæculus* is stealing the cows of *Hercules*.' The combat which follows is that struggle of *Indra* with *Vritra*, which ends with the victory of the powers of light."

Though ingenious in the extreme, we think that Mr. Cox's explanation of the myth is one of his weakest, and that it scarcely accounts for all the circumstances of the case as stated by the poet *Virgil* in his narrative of *Cacus* of Mount *Avertine*. If we may hazard a conjecture, we should consider the whole story as merely symbolical of the forcible intrusion of the Pelasgian religion into Italy by means of the *Heraclidæ*, who overthrew the old Celtic religion, personified by *Cacus*, whose cannibal priests, like the Mexicans, burned a portion of their victims and devoured the rest. From *Virgil's* description of the den of *Cacus*, it seems clear that a portion of the victim was consumed by fire, and the floor, drenched with blood, points to the slaughter of the victim on the spot. The great type of the legend is to be found in the blind Cyclops *Polyphemus* and his dark den, and the term *Cacus* is probably only a corruption of *Cacas* (the dark or blind monster), and not as Mr. Cox takes it, as a kindred form of *Kaikias*, a wind mentioned by *Aristotle*; which, to say the least, seems very far fetched and but of forced application in this case.

The Norse Mythology (which includes the Saxon) forms a very attractive feature in the work. The Saxon goddess *Friga*, or *Freya*, corresponded to the Greek *Hera* and the Roman *Juno*. She is represented as the wife and queen of the supreme father of gods (*Zeus pater*, *Jupiter*, the Saxon *Alfadir*, father of all). In her we see the deification of the female principle of nature. *Juno*, or *Friga*, was to women what *Jupiter*, or *Odin*, was to men. She not only protected the female sex in general, but she accompanied by her guardian power every individual woman through life, from the moment of her birth to the day of her death. Among other powers, was attributed to her that of making woman fruitful. With these facts before us, we are not at all surprised to find that, as in Ancient Greece and Rome the worship of *Juno* was the very last

to linger in existence on the downfall of paganism, and was rapidly supplanted by the worship of the Virgin Mary in Roman Catholic countries, so among the Anglo-Saxons we find the worship of *Friga* in existence more than five centuries after the introduction of Christianity into the country. According to *Keyser* (*Antiq. Sept.*), the following edict was issued by the Saxon King *Edgar* in the middle of the tenth century. The original edict, we may observe, is extant in a Saxon manuscript in the library of *Corpus Christi*, Cambridge, and is a very curious and significant comment on the superstitions of an age which was remarkable for its profession of Christianity:—

"We instruct all and singular the ministers of the Christian religion, that they discourage with all diligence and to the uttermost of their power all fanciful modes of adoration, necromancy, divinations, incantations, and divine worship of men; as also the worship of the Goddess *Friga* in woods, and the worship of the alder and other trees, and of stones."

Many of Mr. Cox's etymologies seem hazardous and superficial. *Acheron*, the infernal river, is evidently connected in his mind with the root of the Latin *aqua*, and is said "to mean only water." So non-significant a derivation is scarcely in keeping with the very significant terms by which the other infernal rivers are marked; as *Styx*, the hated river; *Phlegethon*, the flood of fire; *Cocytus*, the stream of groans; and *Lethe*, the lake of oblivion. On the other hand, by interpreting *Acheron* as the river of anguish, we gain that significance for the word which the analogy of the names of the other rivers here demands, and at the same time we are but following the findings of comparative philology in connecting the root of the word with the Greek *ἄχος* (*sharp pain*), the German *ach*, Hebrew *ock*, and English *ache*. In corroboration, we may observe that the root *ac*, in words of Indo-Germanic origin, gives the form of sharpness (literal or metaphorical), as in the words *acies* (*sharpness of sight*, or *sharp edge of battle*), *acutus* (*sharp*), *acus* (*needle*), *αἴχμη* (*point of a spear*), *ἀκανθα* (*a thorn*), &c. There is a singular omission in Mr. Cox's account of the legend of *Deucalion*, though we find some compensation for this inadvertence in the following illustration:—"The *Macuri* Indians of South America relate, it is said, that the last man who survived the flood repopled the earth by changing stones into men. And according to the *Tamanahs* of *Orinoko*, it was a pair of human beings who cast behind them the fruit of a certain palm, and out of the kernels sprang men and women." We are inclined to think, with *Grote* and other competent judges, that here we find one of the many cases in Greek mythology where the attempt to explain the meaning or the derivation of a word resulted in the creation of a myth to account for the word in question. In Greek, the word expressive of "people" (*λαός*) and "stone" (*λίθος*) were almost identical, and hence we have the groundwork of the myth, a construction here completely ignored by Mr. Cox.

Our author informs us that *Phœbus Apollo* was only at first another name for the Sun. This is a grave error; for in *Homer's* time, and for some centuries afterwards, *Apollo* and the Sun-god (*Helios*) were perfectly distinct divinities. The *Apollo* of the older mythology was the god of destruction, prophecy, and music, and not the god of the Sun. Müller regards him as a purely spiritual divinity, and far above all the other gods of *Olympus*. No other deity so deeply influenced the Grecian character; and in no other was reflected the highest side of the Grecian mind, to so great an extent, as it was in *Apollo*—a fact that is strong evidence in favour of his sensuistic rather than of his sensuous attributes. A counterpart of the Trojan *Helen* is here found in the Sanscrit *Saramâ*; and both legends are interpreted as "a repetition of the daily siege of the last by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their highest treasures in the West"—an interpretation which certainly displays no ordinary amount of imagination on the part of its author. We think Mr. Cox might have found parallels to the story of *Troy* much nearer home than on the banks of the *Ganges*. The legends of the Celtic *Tintagel* are surely versions of the same divine tale, that has travelled from land to land. *Guinevere* is the British *Helen*, and *Launcelot* the British *Paris*; the divine *Scamander* becomes the British *Camel*, and the promontories, *Carnbeck* and *Pentire*, represent *Sygeium* and *Rhœteum*. Taken as a whole, no two stories could be more alike. It is seldom that history ever repeats itself, but with mythology repetition is of its very nature and character. We part from Mr. Cox's delightful book as from a pleasant friend, from whom we have learned much and enjoyed much. It is a work of profound learning and elegant scholarship; and its results are of the highest importance, as, to use the author's own words, they tend "to show that the ancestors of Englishmen and Germans, of Norwegians and Italians, and Greeks, all had the same thoughts, hopes, and fears—what we feel now—and that, on the whole, these thoughts were very beautiful and true."

NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE.*

By "Nooks and Corners in Old France" might be very reasonably understood the narrative of a visit to such obscure places as might have even escaped the observation of that eminent explorer *Murray*, and of which, therefore, the British public would be wholly ignorant. This hope, however suggested by the titles of the volumes before us, their author, the Reverend George

* Nooks and Corners in Old France. By the Rev. George Musgrave, M.A. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Musgrave, by no means realizes. In an age in which travelling is made as much a portion of a man's education as grammar and writing—an age that boasts its tourists' tickets and its special conveyances, its summer excursions and its Mr. Cook, it would take something more than the two bulky volumes in which Mr. Musgrave enshrines his recollections to convince us that Calais, Paris, Versailles, Maintenon, Le Mans, and Saumur are nooks or even corners in that well-known empire called France. And it is not easy to conjecture what could have caused Mr. Musgrave to have considered them as such either. Though our author's observation has been shrewd it has not been extensive; the reader who turns to him for information will close his work with very little acquisition of knowledge. Minute enough in his details, he is generally uninteresting; not so much from any remission of diligence as from an error of judgment. Mr. Musgrave, in short, neither adheres to his promise nor his province. Who, for instance, in a book bearing a title so suggestive of quaint spots pregnant with dusty memories, of towns in themselves embodied histories, of ancient castles and mouldering churches hallowed by noble traditions which keep their names green as the ivy or the moss that darkens them—who in such a book would expect to find an elaborate account of Salpêtrière and Bicêtre asylums, or a chapter devoted to the advantages of horseflesh as an article of diet? Not but that such topics are highly interesting in their way; but should they be allowed to enter into the composition of such a work as "Nooks and Corners"? We take it that madness and hippophagy belong to physiology and not to archaeology; and we hold that the title of Mr. Musgrave's volumes are more suggestive of the latter science than the former.

Mr. Musgrave, like Sterne, begins with Calais. Here we are invited to a survey of the town. We are shown the lighthouse, the schools, the streets, and finally introduced in the Museum, where the chair in which J. J. Rousseau is reported to have sat provokes from Mr. Musgrave an expression of hearty contempt for the author of "La Nouvelle Héloïse." An exact catalogue of the pictures in this building supplies the place of such anecdotal gossip as could alone have made the visit agreeable. After being treated to a lengthy analysis of a French vaudeville, we are transported to Paris, another nook, where Mr. Musgrave remains for six chapters. In this unfrequented nook or corner of old France, Mr. Musgrave diligently prosecutes the most interesting inquiries. We are irresistibly reminded of Pickwick and the cabman. These inquiries result in such bits of information as that "M. Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine (and exercising tenfold of the power vested in our Lord Mayor in every quarter of the capital and its arrondissements), considers himself in the light of a public benefactor to whom his fellow-citizens can hardly be adequately grateful, on view of his destructiveness!"—that "The Rue de la Fayette is a noble approach to the great starting-place" (i.e., the Great Northern Railway station); that "during the cholera season of Paris in 1831-2 there were 21,670 deaths," and so forth. Are not the Parisian correspondents of our daily press telling us all this, and a good deal more, every day of our lives? Were a Frenchman to publish a "Nooks and Corners in Old England," and of the forty odd chapters of which his work may be composed, devote at least three to an elaborate account of Newgate or the Lambeth Workhouse, of Drury Lane Theatre, or the British Museum—

"Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"

We think so. What, then, must be said of a traveller whose "remote inquiries," whose "archæological explorations" extend but a little beyond a visit to the Conciergerie of Paris, and who contents himself with a description of some remarkable handwriting in a cell, of Marie Antoinette's last letter, and how that letter was written? Need London have been left, the perils of the Channel encountered, for this? Mr. Musgrave seems partial to horseflesh. He declares that the prejudice against it is baseless. He protests that he has eaten it with intense relish, and that the soup furnished by the meat was of a deliciousness not easily to be forgotten. He gives us several pages of a dispute amongst certain French sages upon the subject of horseflesh as an article of consumption. In order that there might be no doubt as to their sincerity, these sages sat themselves down to a banquet of horseflesh, of which Mr. Musgrave with great satisfaction transcribes the bill of fare, rendered apparently wholesome by the introduction of the adjectival eloquence of the familiar words, *potage, saucisson, filet, and pâté de muelle*. To prove that horse meat is good, he assures us that the Germans like it. This we hold to be no recommendation. He might as well advocate the flesh of puppies or missionaries, by pleading the taste of the Chinese or the King of the Cannibal Islands. To show us how baseless is such prejudice, he introduces a story which we are very certain has been made to run the gauntlet of every prejudice for the last sixty years. We will insert it here, as it affords a very fair sample of the author's style.

"One of my acquaintances, a gentleman whose periodical publication you all read, week after week, with eager enjoyment of his witticisms, had always cherished a holy horror of horseflesh; and nothing, he affirmed, would induce him to taste an atom of it. Not long since he made a hearty repast off one particular dish at the table of a common friend of ours, who, a few moments afterwards, called across the table, saying, 'Well! I have been at last successful in enabling you to regale, to your entire satisfaction—on horseflesh!' The amazed and confounded editor affirmed it could not be; it was impossible that that 'filet rôti' could have been other than ox-beef, 'and first-rate, too.' He appealed to the other guests, who all with one voice exclaimed—'Viande de cheval! viande de cheval!' They had been previously

enjoined by the host to say this. The man of letters sat some time in mute astonishment, but at length acquainted the company that all his convictions were being confirmed; that all he had heard men say about the unwholesomeness of such flesh was only too true; he begged to withdraw, for he felt already the pernicious action of the meat upon his stomach, and he went straight home and was extremely ill for three days; but it was the best ox-beef that the Parisian market could supply which he had eaten."

Mr. Musgrave, having concluded his dissertation upon hippophagy, during the course of which he takes occasion to applaud the efforts of Isidore Geoffroi St. Hilaire in that unsavoury field, pays a visit to Bicêtre, an asylum for idiots. Physiologically, this visit is interesting enough; but it is as out of place as one of the idiots he describes would be in an assembly of thinking beings. However, it is unfair to look a gift-horse in the mouth. We must accept Mr. Musgrave's experiences on the terms in which they are offered to us, and, however inappropriate the subject is to the title or the title to the subject, it must be confessed that the chapter on Bicêtre is the most interesting in the book. The name of Port Royal, one would fancy, would have suggested to Mr. Musgrave infinitely more than he has cared to tell about it. How much is to be said of a spot once hallowed by the presence or the affection of such persons as Nicole, Jansen, St. Cyran, Arnauld, Pascal, Racine, Boileau, the Duchesse de Longueville, and Madame de Sevigné, may be seen by a reference to the works of the elder Disraeli. Mr. Musgrave, however, after the briefest possible account of its liveliest memories, gives us a dry description of the place itself, and the difficulties of his researches seem but poorly recompensed by the reward of his discoveries. What he says is barely worth the relation. Of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic faith Mr. Musgrave seems no warm admirer. For the Ritualists of this country he professes great contempt. In a conversation with a dignitary of the Church of Rome in the great Hall of Audience at Tangers, he is told that—"Of all the individuals that the Romish priest despises most heartily, the ritualizing, Romanizing clergy of our country are chief. Willing to be imitative, afraid to be original [*sic*], they appear in their regards sheer poltroons, pocketing the Protestant stipends whilst playing Popery, and bringing into contempt and obloquy, at the same time, both the Church of England and the Church of Rome." Our author adds—"Non meus est sermo—I am simply repeating what the Roman Catholic clergy said upon the subject; though I cannot adopt Sir Roger de Coverley's dictum, that much may be said on both sides." Whether it be worth while saying anything at all upon the subject may be fairly doubted; but one thing is too notorious to be passed over in silence, and that is, that so far from the Roman Catholic hierarchy despising the Ritualists in this country, they are welcoming the movement on all sides with zeal proportionate to the energy with which it is conducted. Mr. Musgrave should be careful not to record as the expression of a large body the opinion of a single individual. And if he would court popularity, he must be more judicious in the expression of his contempt for any form of faith or ceremony of creed that accident may have established or conviction adopted. These volumes conclude with a long narrative of the battle of Poitiers, and a dissertation upon the character of Edward the Black Prince, which, were the design suggested by the title complete, would be digressive and valueless, but which, in its relation to the volumes as they now stand, is certainly not digressive, however valueless it may be. Mr. Musgrave's style is familiar, but not coarse. His sketches of the places he visited are neat, and in one or two instances rather effective. Such are the "Port of La Rochelle" and the "New Lighthouse at Calais." These volumes are remarkable for their handsome binding and admirable print.

THE BLIND.*

THERE cannot be a more interesting subject than the daily lives and habits of those who have come into the world without sight, or have been deprived of it at so early an age that they have not had time either to realize its value or to turn it to account. They may, to some extent, be regarded as beings of a different order, and to us who have not felt this loss, it seems strange that they can take any thorough pleasure in life, shut out as they are from all that can delight and instruct the mind through the eyes. We should expect to find them constantly brooding over their want, ever painfully alive to the difference between them and other men, soured in temper, broken in spirit. But it is not so, even in the case of those who have become blind at a later period of life, and after they have known the blessing of sight, and have, therefore, been able to measure the extent of their bereavement. In the latter case there is no doubt much solace in the fact that the mind has already laid up precious stores through the industry of the lost sense. On the other hand, a man born blind must feel less acutely the want of a sense he has never possessed. But of the blind generally it may be said that their lives have not the despondent hue we should expect to find in them. They have their lights as well as their shadows, just as we ourselves have; and Mr. Johns, while he admits that few who have not felt it can know how deep is the night which enfolds them, bears witness also to their exhibition, in the midst of all these trials, of "many a trait of manly courage, of faith, and hope which might be looked for in vain

* Blind People. Their Works and Ways; with Sketches of the Lives of some famous Blind Men. By Rev. B. J. Johns, M.A. Illustrated. London: John Murray.

elsewhere." It is pleasant to hear this from one who has spent seventeen years of his life in labouring amongst them, and to know that they have other pleasures than the exercise of these virtues. Nature wonderfully repairs to us what appear to be her sins against us. It is not, indeed, true, as people commonly believe, that, when one sense is lost, the others are quickened, so as to make up for it. That is a popular fallacy. But, though Nature does not effect this compensation directly, she effects it indirectly. She affords the means. By education the other senses acquire a sensitiveness and a dexterity which they do not acquire amongst people who are not blind. Without education the tendency of the other senses is rather towards degeneracy. "Wide and long experience," says our author, "has clearly proved that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the loss of sight for a greater or less time shatters the whole framework of mind and body; and the remaining senses and powers, instead of springing into new life, are weakened and depressed. . . . If it befalls him suddenly, when grown up, he is for a time utterly prostrated, and many a long weary month may pass before he can so far rouse himself as to set to work at any task with hope or spirit." But the case of one born blind is still worse: he comes into a world from which he is in a great measure cut off: almost absolutely, indeed, if his parents are poor and negligent. He is treated as an inferior, which no doubt he is; and as a burden, and that too he is. "In this case the boy sinks into a condition little better than that of an animal; vicious or mischievous, amiable, lazy, or apathetic, as the case may be; but probably into darkness, moral as well as mental, greater or less, according to the light about him." And yet, though there are in England 2,700 blind persons under the age of twenty, the twelve Blind Schools which this country boasts are, somehow or other, not occupied to the full extent of their accommodation. They can hold 900 pupils; but, according to the last census, only 760 were found within their walls.

Touch and hearing are the senses which make up, as far as can be, for the loss of sight—touch doing the lion's share of the work. It enables the blind boy to detect his own clothes, his tools, box, bed, hat, fiddle. By it he knows his seat in the chapel, or in the school-room or workshop, and we need hardly add that it is both eyes and hands to him, not only in what he reads, but in his basket-making, his rug-weaving, and whatever other work of industry he performs. It is so delicate, that a boy who was sent by his master to sell fish in the village, cut notches in the head and tail of each, by which he recorded their price, yet so finely that the eye of the customer could not detect them. But this keenness of touch would seem to depend very much on the fact of its being unaided by the higher sense. Mr. Johns gives the case of a girl who, upon being couched, recovered her sight, though she had been blind from birth; but from that moment she could no longer tell her keys, pencil, or watch, as she had previously done, by touch. "As the higher sense entered, the lower retired, as if in abeyance." Does not this, by the way, favour the popular fallacy that Nature, of her own effort, sets up a compensating process to redeem her defaults? After the sense of touch comes that of hearing. When a blind boy has been sent to the school in St. George's-fields, the first thing he does, and he does it of his own instinct, is to select out of his eighty fellow pupils a companion, who, in all probability, will be his friend for several years to come. Under his guidance—the blind leading the blind—he will find his way, perfectly helpless for a time, to the schoolroom, chapel, or workshop, and to the other rooms of the extensive and rambling building. But in a month the geography of the place is perfectly mastered. He will find his way from the dining-room to the basket-shop, and down that shop, 150 yards long, to the site of his own box. By use he comes in time to distinguish his own tools from those of his neighbour by some trifling feature, not apparent to a looker-on; and he will even tell the handle of the door of one room from that of the room next to it, though there is no perceptible difference between them. He knows his way about so well that he will run quickly, with a half-finished basket in his hand, from the workshop across a wide yard to the very door-step of the shed where he soaks his willow work. In the workroom, where fifty boys and men are at work, some are crossing frequently in search of tools or advice, and there are no collisions. A pupil, waiting to ask a question of the teacher, who has left the room, will know that he has returned merely by hearing him shut the door, and he will walk half the length of the room straight to the teacher's table. Two and two, during hours of recreation, when the weather is unfavourable for out-of-door games, they will walk round and round the room, chatting, singing, or shouting, but with perfect method, never jostling one another. If one goes out for a little he will wait, when he returns, while the procession of couples passes him, watching to pounce on his companion as he goes by. And he will pounce upon him. He knows his step while he is yet several yards distant from him, in spite of all the uproar, and, as he is passing, he seizes his arm and rejoins the procession. Stranger still is the precision with which boys and men will cross and recross the open yard, each going his own way without stumbling or running up against any one, as if he saw where he was going—saw it so clearly that he will rarely miss the handle of the door for which he steers. The ear must be the guiding sense in all this. An amusing instance of its capacity is given in the case of a blind man, who was sent by an Edinburgh tradesman to take a mattress to a customer, together with the bill that he might receive payment. "To my surprise," said his employer, "he returned with the account and the mattress too." "I've brought back baith, ye see, sir," said he, "How so?"

"Indeed, sir, I didna' like t' leave 't yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller; there's nae a stick of furniture within the door." "How do you come to know that?" "Oh, sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that." The "twa taps" were not wrong.

When we pass from the generality to exceptional instances of ability in blind men, we find still greater provocation of our wonder at what they have been able to achieve. Mr. Johns gives us several instances, amongst the most notable of which are Nicholas Saunderson, the blind mathematician; Francis Huber, the naturalist; and John Metcalf, the road-maker. To men who have themselves well under command, there is this advantage in blindness, that from the isolation it involves, they easily become abstracted. Their minds are thus prepared for the undisturbed elaboration of thought, if they can get at the requisite materials. But Metcalf's life shows that a blind man can be successful in the "objective" as well as in the "subjective." For more light on these matters we must refer our readers to Mr. Johns' book. He might have made it a much larger one without any fear of tiring his readers. We have read it with pleasure, and we can honestly recommend it as a volume whose details are at once marvellous and true.

NEW NOVELS.*

THE story of "Captain Jack" is slight, though not without interest. Told, however, as it is by Mr. Maitland, it loses much of that effectiveness with which, in the hands of a more skilful storyteller, it might have been contrived. The practised novelist generally avoids, as far as his design will possibly permit him, all retrospection. Having once said what he has to say he takes care not to repeat it. This Mr. Maitland would have done well to remember. His story is jerky, and of his incidents many are inconsequential to the design. At the conclusion of a chapter he will allow his narrative to stand still whilst he retraces his steps to pick up a thread in the interest that should have been carried along with him. Such treatment necessarily entails tediousness. No fiction, however admirable, can stand such fragmentary development. Captain Jack is a very coarse seaman and a cousin of one Cornelius Van Broek. This Cornelius assumes the name of his cousin—who was baptized Julius Van Broek, but who prefers going by the name of Captain Jack—in order to make himself master of a vast estate, of which Messrs. Nettletop & Swoop are the trustees. These lawyers, like all romantic lawyers, are scoundrels. They think it a pity that so fine an estate should be claimed by anybody at all just at present; for they, "it was surmised" (to quote the author's words), would derive the chief benefit from the increased and accumulating rents until, in due course of time, the estates themselves, in default of the appearance of legal claimants, would revert to the possession of the sovereign state." How Mr. Swoop ferrets out innumerable startling facts which go to prove that Captain Jack, and not Cornelius Van Broek, is the rightful heir; how in the name of his firm he endeavours to make a compromise with Cornelius, who being an honourable man in all things but the assumption of his cousin's name, spurns him; how he turns with similar sinister designs towards the rough and coarse Captain Jack, who being a frank and manly seaman, with a mariner's traditional contempt for lucre, thwarts him; and, finally, how the author collects into his concluding chapters the essence of the whole story, which should have been diffused throughout the body of the work, we will leave our readers to find out for themselves. Mr. Maitland appears to possess a very fair acquaintance with the American character. The infrequent absence of experience, we remark, is sometimes supplied by sympathy. He seems to have shrewdly enough observed whatever he thought worthy of observation. We regret, however, to find his book so full of that poor stuff called, for want of a better name, the language of Yankees and negroes. Easily pleased and heartily to be envied is that man who can smile at the jargon which Mr. Maitland would have us believe is the dialect of the United States, and of which we offer a sample:—

"'You deon't know nothin' 'bout the Injins, friend,' replied Seth. 'If ye'd bin eont west, es I hev, and ef yer kneow'd as much 'bout the injins es I dew, you wouldn't speak up fur 'em. Es tew the land, it's eourn by right o' possession, and I guess beow it deon't b'long to nobody else—that's a fac'. 'Tain't reasonable as all this yer great country was made fur a lot o' varmint Injins to live in,' &c."

One would fancy that Captain Mayne Reid and the imitators of Artemus Ward had hung up enough intellectual scarecrows in that field to frighten away all would-be repeaters of American vulgarisms. The chapter entitled "At the Newspaper Office" is truly comic. We have not space to transcribe it; but this and several other descriptions of American life scattered throughout the work lead us to believe that Mr. Maitland's failure in "Captain Jack" is owing not to any absence of talent, but to an error of judgment. A work upon Yankee life emanating from his pen, we fancy, would meet with success—well worked and well abused as that prolific vein has been. Mr. Maitland has skill in incidental colouring, but lacks the power of sustained portrayal.

* Captain Jack. A Story. By J. A. Maitland. Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Loyalist's Daughter. By a Royalist. Four vols. London: Adams & Francis.

The Fortune of Fairstone. A Novel. By B. Whieldon Baddeley, Author of "Two to One on the Major," &c. Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

The design of the author of the "Loyalist's Daughter," to quote his own words, is "to portray the actors and scenes in the drama of the Revolution of 1688, during which Great Britain lived the life of ages crowded into a few months—just as the events and persons of the period displayed themselves." So much for the scheme: now let us consider the performance. In the first place, it seems a stock notion of most novelists making history the subject of their fiction, to embellish their productions with the most melodramatic colouring they can employ. This is very particularly true of "Royalist." So far from giving us the "actors and scenes" of the Revolution as history displays them, he paints the historic life of two centuries ago as if he had been satisfied with a contemplation of it from the back seat of some provincial theatre. Here and there may be most distinctly heard the sullen orchestral twang that serves as a prelude to the villain's entrance. Sometimes we come across a chapter written as it were in an inspiration of blue light. Then we see pass over the stage the histrionic king in a pasteboard crown and regal scowl; the hapless queen weeping over her babe; the funny Irishman with a chronic grin; the lover in big boots and tights, and his mistress in white satin and smiles. No doubt all this is as historical as anything handed down from remote times can well be; but we question whether such greenroom men and women—the Phelps and Fawcetts of history—be the true representatives of the times which "Royalist" has made it his business to portray. There is certainly more of G. P. R. James in it than of Clarendon; more of Ainsworth than of Hume or Goldsmith. Our author, for instance, is very fond of calling money "filthy lucre;" with him caitiffs do not walk, but "stalk;" do not frown, but "scowl;" do not speak, but "hiss" or "hoarsely whisper." It is true he omits the historic "Halidames" or "By'r Ladies!" or "Quoth he's!" or "Marry and enows!" But in their stead he gives us many of those curious oaths and ambiguous utterances without which romantic history would be wanting in its most essential feature. Of plot "The Loyalist's Daughter" is innocent, unless the flight of James II. and the amours of three pairs of lovers can be accepted as such. There is no attempt at development of character, and there is a rather curious disregard of consequential action. In some portions, where the author lays down the thread of his story—say at the conclusion of a chapter—he does not at all care whether he picks it up again or not. We are transported with inconceivable ease from London to France, from France to Scotland, from Scotland anywhere. Nor do the characters lag at all behind us; for it matters not where we be, we are generally sure of finding some of them fighting, drowning, arguing, or making love by the side of us. If we remember rightly, Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels introduces Shakespeare; but he takes care not to make him speak. The great novelist perfectly well knew that even his genius would fail to make the poet say what the imagination of his readers would lead them to expect. Now, let us suppose—and the supposition will not be thought uncomplimentary—that what Shakespeare was to Scott is Dryden to "Royalist." Yet Dryden our author makes to speak to an extent that is positively tedious. And not only Dryden, but Evelyn, Pepys, St. Aubyn, and others, are compelled into a conversation that would certainly reflect but the smallest credit upon a company of third-form schoolboys. Upon the point the least creditable in the character of Dryden—we mean his apostacy—"Royalist" dwells with studied emphasis and apparent delight. He would have done well to recall Dr. Johnson's scathing remark upon this fact in his life of the poet:—"That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love truth only for herself." Of the sea "Royalist" seems a devoted admirer. His canvas is crowded with maritime perils. Yet of the sea "Royalist" knows very little. Who but an author whose knowledge of the ocean is limited to such experience as is to be gained by a trip to Gravesend, could write like this?—

"What ho! boat ahoy!" was distinctly heard above the wind, and interrupted the conversation. All looked earnestly at the horizon, and descried a ship just hove in sight."

Is it possible that any one can be so ignorant of the sea as not to know that human voices, even through speaking-trumpets, are inaudible from the horizon? Then, again, when an officer is made to give the order "Luff man, luff for your life!" the helmsman is made to answer "Ay, ay, sir, with a will!" which is a reply that we defy "Royalist" to prove any helmsman—unless fresh from the City or the farmyard—ever made either in his cups or out. In an early stage of the story we are introduced to a number of Oxford undergraduates who we suppose, because they happen to belong to a seat of learning, must needs anathematize in the following erudite fashion. One swears "By the altar of Phœbus!" another "By the hammer of Vulcan!" another "By the ægis of Jupiter!" another "By the scissiors of Atropos!" Were these the manners of the times, or is Lempriere the culprit? If the former, our future historians will do well to include this fact amongst the probable causes of the Rebellion; if the latter, "Royalist" should quote his authority. The religious tone of the book is, to say the least, an expression of dubious taste. A sneer levelled at any form of faith is unjustifiable, and to be censured. And though "Royalist" may be guiltless of any such intention, the Protestant personages of his book are certainly as contemptible a set of beings as bad writing, bad judgment, and bad dispositions can make them. On the other hand the Roman Catholics are dignified with every virtue, and their characters heightened by the most heroic exploits. His-

torical romance should be treated with the same impartiality as history itself. There is a law of compensation in art that utterly repels such exclusiveness. By such authors as "Royalist" equality should at least be studied; where they are willing to degrade imaginary vice they must be also careful to exalt fictitious virtue. By placing both the good and evil beyond the limits of possibility, they achieve a harmless, and certainly a more satisfactory result. "Royalist" is not invariably choice in his language. To explain ourselves, we prefer rather indicating certain passages (vol. i., pp. 105, 169, &c.), than transcribing them. Neither is he always successful in his wit:—

"Talking of lace," says the inquisitor, "do you know Lovelace?"

"I love lace," says she, "when it sets off a dress like yours."

Nor always humorous in the true acceptance of the word.

"Oh, my dear Miss Lily—no, Miss Lily's ghost. Oh gracious gimmeny and gilly-flowers. Oh lor! oh my! what shall I do?"

"Royalist" has committed a mistake in four volumes. Three are the usual allowance; but the fourth may lend an emphasis to the warning of the other three to "Royalist" to write no more. Should he adopt their self-evident advice, he will at least have the consolation of knowing that he has not written in vain.

Having devoted seven chapters to the various topics of love, smoking, horse-racing, cricket, and so forth, the author of "The Fortune of Fairstone" breaks out into the following imaginary colloquy with his reader:—

"Do you think," says this intelligent person (i.e., the reader), "do you think that I am going to read on any longer about a parcel of cleverish lads who have fallen into low company?"

"Do you," the author replies, "do you want an epic, my dear sir, on some grand, measured romance? Tell me how often you take up 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Faery Queen'—how many times you have read these great works through, which are both in your library. You don't seem to care to reply, but your wife speaks for you."

"Even, sir," she says, "if you are not a Milton or a Spenser (sic), you surely, if you write at all, can write what is likely to improve your readers—something which I can put with confidence into the hands of my young people, and recommended to my friends."

"Hereat the author, if he were not talking to a lady, would fly into a rage."

After this kind of stuff, that "intelligent person, the reader," will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Baddeley has given to his publishers a novel as tediously silly as any that we have met for some time. As to anything like attempting an analysis of the plot, would be about as laborious or futile an effort as chasing a rat through the labyrinthine alleys of a mews. The whole thing is written in that "fast" style which, however much it may delight the author, will please nobody else. What kind of readers it appeals to it would be vain to conjecture. Potboys and ostlers would turn from it as being composed in a strain too inflated for their understandings; whilst a more intelligent class would object to it on so many grounds that to enumerate them would be conferring too great a benefit on that which should be "let die" in peace.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

THE Quarterlies have of late years become, to a great extent, elaborate summaries of French and German literature, to which English works bear a very secondary part. We must, therefore, not be surprised at finding a large proportion of the *Edinburgh* devoted to foreign subjects, and at seeing a Parisian publication lead off the list. The "Memoires du Comte Beugnot, Ancien Ministre (1783–1815)," edited by the author's grandson, form the subject of the first article, which is as amusing as the record of a varied career, and an abundance of anecdote and personal detail, can make it. The count saw much of the condition of French society before the first revolution; he was a minister under Napoleon, and again under the restored Bourbons; and his experiences were, therefore, of a very interesting character. His Memoirs contain the strange story of the Countess de la Motte and the diamond necklace, which has recently been told by Mr. Vizetelly in a work reviewed by us in our impression of March 23rd. The reviewer repeats the main facts of this extraordinary case; and the article altogether is full of entertainment. The succeeding paper, on the "Archæology of North America," is a curious account of the antique buildings, and other evidences of a bygone civilization, to be found in various parts of the western continent, not merely in the forests of Mexico (the highly sculptured ruins and Cyclopean fragments in which have attracted great attention during the last five-and-twenty years), but in some of the United States. These monuments—taking the whole of North America into the account—pertain, in the opinion of the reviewer, to "at least three distinct and widely-separated epochs in the pre-Columbian history of the continent." They show, partly from their architectural and other peculiarities, and partly from the relics of art discovered within and about them, whence sprang their authors, the aboriginal occupants of the soil. Their immediate origin is, and probably ever will be, an open question. It reaches back to the remotest period of human history, and is involved in a haze of fable. Nevertheless, their creeds, usages, and legends, whether delineated on the monuments or reflected by succeeding generations, uniformly point to an Oriental source; and this is all that can be averred with absolute certainty concerning them.

In "The Prussian Campaign of 1866" we have a summary of the events of last June and July, concluding with the moral that "even in a war remarkable for the promptitude and completeness of its results, errors were committed by the conquering generals, which would probably have proved fatal to their success, if they had not been counterbalanced by errors still more fatal on the side of their antagonists." The article is said to have been inspired by the Crown Prince of Prussia, and is, in fact, a vindication of his generalship throughout the campaign. This is followed by a paper on "Spontaneous Generation," in which the latest investigations of Pasteur and others on that mysterious subject are described and criticised. The question, it is admitted, is still an open one, but the balance of evidence is thought to be against the supposition that animal life is ever produced except by the ordinary modes of propagation. Mr. Wornum's and Dr. Woltmann's Lives of Holbein (the one English, the other German) afford matter for a good biographical article; and the Rev. Mr. Orby Shipley's "Church and the World" gives occasion for an eloquent and argumentative attack on "Ritualism," which is thus wound up:—

"We must not be afraid of the famous name of Protestant. We must not be ashamed of our affinities with the Reformed Churches which claim with us a common origin in the great deliverance from a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. We must vindicate for the great old name of 'Catholic' its free, original meaning, and make it once more the watchword, not of narrow, exclusive, external observance, but of the universal breadth which it bears in the ancient creeds, and which was infused into it by the teaching of Isaiah and of St. Paul. The authority of law must again be justified as in the days of Hooker, as in the days of the Apostles; the superiority of the moral and the spiritual over the external and ceremonial parts of religion must be reasserted, as in the days of Butler, as in the days of the prophets. The power of the Church, that is of the laity, to control ecclesiastical matters must be maintained as alone, in our state of society, it can be maintained, through the free expression of public opinion and the free legislature of a free country. The clergy must maintain their right to examine for themselves the grounds of their teaching, to investigate, probe to the uttermost the sacred volume, which by restoring new life to the world in each successive age is destined to prove anew its own divine origin. Mighty works of beneficence and enlightenment must be wrought amongst our working classes—as open to a reasonable, honest exposition of religious truth, bearing on their daily life, as they are inaccessible to the mysterious, fantastic representations of dogmas removed from all reality. The ancient institutions of England and of Christendom have resources in them still undeveloped. The Nonconformists of this country have a part to play in connection with the Established Church of which they and the rulers of the Church have hardly dreamed. The Church of Scotland, the 'Samaria' of the High Church party, may, like Samaria, give to her southern sister a school of prophets of which England, no less than Judah, is at times sorely in need. To those of our own communion who find delight in such things, we do not refuse the pleasure of indulging in the hope of an imaginary union with the Pope, who ridicules the very notion of such a union; or in the prospect of an assemblage of one hundred and forty-four bishops, who are to be gathered from dioceses which can ill spare them, at an enormous expense, to a meeting at Lambeth, of which its advocates are unable to say whether it is a symposium or a synod—a dinner-party or a general council. But the prelates who encourage such schemes will vainly strive to exorcise the form of Ritualism while they thus foster the worst part of its peculiar spirit. We do not deny the right of this party to fortify themselves behind the relics of older usages, which, in consideration to the infirmities of an age of transition, the Reformers left imbedded in our services—to make the most of the fierce anathemas which condemn half Christendom, or of expressions of sacerdotal power, unknown to the ancient Churches of the East, unknown to any Churches at all, before the thirteenth century. But we claim for the Church of England a higher, a holier calling than anything which these passing fancies, or isolated fragments of all but extinct beliefs would indicate. We claim for it the honour due to a Reformed Church in a Reformed State—to a Church 'which has been reformed and which never was infallible,' and which, with and through the State, desires to be formed and reformed anew by the spirit of each successive age—a Church which, however much at times it has falsified its principles and retarded the course of true Christian progress, yet in those principles contains the pledge of an onward and inward movement that will, we humbly trust, continue when both the 'brilliant fantastic coruscation' of Ritualism and the 'weltering molten flood' of hierarchical pretensions, have passed away from its borders."

"The Reign of Louis XV." contains a striking account of the atrocious immorality of the court and aristocracy of that period, based on recent French works; and in the "Correspondence of William IV. with Earl Grey" we have a review of the work lately put forth by the present Lord Grey. The paper on "Fatal Accidents in Coal-mines" is full of painful details, and the writer is of opinion that much more might be done than has yet been done for the prevention of those terrible catastrophes. The number concludes with an article on "Parliamentary Government," which has reference to the present state of the Reform question, and expresses a belief in the extinction of Tory principles by the action of the Tories themselves in adopting a popular basis for their measure.

The *Quarterly Review* opens with an article of considerable ability, reviewing those two interesting works, Mr. Donne's "Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North, from 1768 to 1783," and Mr. J. Heneage Jesse's "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third." The next article, on "Fish and Fishing," appears to have been written upon the Reports of the Sea Fisheries Commissioners. It dishes up some

old knowledge, such as the great reproductive power of the cod, and adds very little new information. The eminent physiologist, Karl Ernst von Baer, forms the subject of the third article, which gives a very fair sketch of his life and works. The article upon the History, Antiquities, and Beauties of Westmoreland is full of interest, and would form an excellent companion to a tourist in this portion of the lake district.

The "Poetry of the Seven Dials" is rather a curious subject, but has suggested a very readable article. The most important and popular of the halfpenny ballads which have been published in London, from the year 1854 down to the effusion suggested by the lions in Trafalgar-square, are the subject of the article. Most of the ballads, and nearly all the dying speeches, are rather oddly produced. Of the latter we learn that:—

"Many of these are clearly by the same hand, probably one of the five or six well-known authors, who also chant their own verses in the streets. 'I gets,' says one of the fraternity, 'I gets a shilling a copy for the verses written by the wretched culprit the night previous to his execution.' 'And I,' says another, 'did the helegy on Rush. I didn't write it to horder; I knew that they would want a copy of verses from the wretched culprit. And when the publisher (Mr. Catnach) read it; 'that's the thing for the streets,' he says. But I only got a shilling for it.' 'It's the same poet as does 'em all,' says a third authority, 'and the same tip; no more nor a bob for nothing.'"

The publishers, however, with that good fortune which seems to wait upon publishers, had less reason to complain. Concerning one of these gentlemen, Mr. Catnach, we are told—

"Catnach was then (1821) at the height of his fame as a printer of ballads in Monmouth-court, Seven Dials, where he spent a hard working, busy life, and died in 1840, æt. 49, having amassed a fortune of £10,000. He was the son of a decent north-country printer, and began at first with a small shop, and a small trade in halfpenny songs, relying for their composition on one or two of his 'bards,' and when they were tipsy, being driven to write himself. During the Peninsular War, and specially at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, his business had increased so enormously as at times to require two or three presses going night and day to keep pace with the demand. At a later period he turned his attention to the 'Gallows Ballads,' and here he reaped a golden harvest. He retired from business in 1839, and was succeeded by a Mr. Fortey."

M. Du Chaillu's recent travels is a full and rather able review of the celebrated traveller's journey in Ashango-Land. "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" is an interesting review of Mr. Baring-Gould's book upon the same subject. The reviewer gives most of his attention to the legend of the Wandering Jew, of whose appearance in this country in 1818, 1824, and 1830 certain contributors to the *Athenæum*, some few months since, adduced second-hand evidence, Prester John, Jacques Aymar, whose divining-rod succeeded in discovering one of the three perpetrators of the Lyons murder in 1692; and that most popular of all myths, the Man in the Moon, who still holds so prominent a place in the nursery, and is identified by Mr. Baring-Gould with the exploits of Jack and Jill. "New American Religions" is an article for which Mr. William Hepworth Dixon's late work, "New America," furnished the occasion, but it passes in review about thirty publications relating to Mormonism, some being the productions of Gentiles or apostates, but the great majority proceeding from the Mormons themselves. The article offers a clear and condensed picture of the new scenes of social and religious life which are seen more vividly in America than elsewhere; it points out some of the principles at their root, and discusses with considerable ability the arguments which have been advanced in support of them. "Railway Finance" is an article which seems to have been suggested principally by the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1864 on the railway companies' borrowing powers, Lord Redesdale's Bill to prohibit creditors for a limited period from taking proceedings against railways, and the judgment of the Lords Justices of Appeal in Chancery in the case of *Gardner v. the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway*, which decided that debenture-holders can only rely for payment of their claims upon the earnings of the railway, and not upon its share capital. After giving some attention to those two principal processes in railway financing, Lloyd's bonds, and the issue of depreciated and, to a great extent, nominal shares, the writer considers the legal effect of these well-known bonds (which, by the way, are not bonds at all, but mere acknowledgments of indebtedness), and proceeds to point out that the efforts of the Government to regulate the capital of the companies and limit the amount of their mortgage debts has failed, and he makes a suggestion which certainly seems plausible:—

"Suppose now that this complicated system were abandoned, and that railways, having to obtain special laws so far only as they require special powers, were in other respects put on the same footing as ordinary joint-stock undertakings, what would be the consequences? No financial clauses would appear in Bills at all; estimates of original capital would be stated and proved as at present, and could be taken into account in deciding on the merits of the case, but would not be inserted in the Acts. The capital so determined would be registered, as in the case of other companies, and as, in fact, the loan capital of railway companies is already: more money could not be raised, except by consent of three-fourths of the shareholders, at a special meeting; when, however, such a step became desirable in the opinion of the great body of proprietors, it could be adopted at once irrespective of the time of year, and without the delay and expense of Parliamentary proceedings. Debenture loans would be issued by consent of the shareholders, and they would be registered. Their proportion to the share capital would be apparent from the register, though no longer

limited to one-third; intending investors would, like mortgagees of any other property, ascertain their position for themselves, instead of accepting the delusive security afforded by limitation clauses, which, in their true intent and meaning, never are or can be enforced. The debentures of good companies would always be the sound investments that they are at present. Members of Parliament would be relieved from a part of the somewhat uncongenial labours now forced upon them, and the statute book in future years would be diminished by one-fourth of its bulk. All these results would be brought about by the withdrawal of the Legislature from a position assumed with the best, although mistaken, intentions. It was assumed originally at a time when not only railways, but joint-stock enterprises of every kind, were objects of distrust and aversion, and when direct Government regulation seemed necessary to the existence of such undertakings; it has been maintained ever since with various alterations, amidst complete changes of public opinion and of surrounding circumstances, but its good objects have ever failed to be secured, while evil results have been more and more apparent."

"Wellington in the Peninsula" is an interesting and very able review of the 6th, 7th, and 8th volumes of the supplementary despatches of the Duke of Wellington, and of the 19th and 20th volumes of the correspondence of Napoleon I. The writer has been singularly happy in his selection of extracts from the correspondence. "The Four Reform Orators" is a political essay upon the Parliamentary speeches of Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Lowe, and the extra-Parliamentary speeches of Mr. Bright. The writer gives a great deal of Mr. Disraeli, less of Mr. Gladstone, a little of Mr. Lowe, and scarcely anything of Mr. Bright. As an essay upon the subject of Reform, the article is deserving of very little attention. Mr. Bright is summed up in this thoughtful manner:—

"Mr. Bright's chief merit as an orator is sheer strength of onslaught in attack, which occasionally resembles the rush of a rhinoceros. He has not a 'many-sided mind,' and is incapable of seeing at the same time more than a single aspect of a question, and that the one which makes most palpably in his own favour. He refuses to recognise the honest existence of any opinion but his own, and overwhelms with invective all who would stay or check him in his career. His eloquence is wonderful, especially his eloquence of abuse; and when he is in full activity, bespattering gentlemen of honour and reputation with the foulest acrimony, there is no object in nature to which he can be so well compared as a mud volcano. He has the most copious vocabulary of reproachful epithets that has ever, since the time of Cobbett, been amassed together in the heart of a man 'capacious of such things,' and he is accustomed to utter them with unbridled license. One ground of his deep dissatisfaction with the House of Commons may be found in the fact that in its present unrevolutionized condition, the language he uses out of it would not be tolerated within its precincts. If he were only permitted to indulge in such eloquent amenities as those which flow unchecked and excite admiration in the house elected by universal suffrage in Australia, and as would, doubtless, in a house similarly constituted in this country, be equally relished here, his powers as an orator would be doubled, and he chafes at the restraint he is obliged to impose upon his tongue."

The first article in the *Westminster* is an ably-written essay upon the Italian war of 1866, and the present position of Italy. It is succeeded by a review of "The Papal Drama," an historical essay by Thomas H. Gill, in which that gentleman is rather severely handled. The next article, "Thomas Hobbes," gives a sketch of the life of the philosopher, and reviews Sir William Molesworth's edition of his English and Latin works. The reviewer follows Austin, Grote, and J. S. Mill, in their estimate of Hobbes's writings, and supports the most important of his opinions. The writer of "Contemporary Music and Musical Literature" takes a favourable view of the present position of music among us. He thinks that although we do not allow an art which after all is to most people simply a luxury to become one of the main objects of our lives, and that although we are neither a decidedly musical nor a decidedly unmusical people, yet we do know something of, and care something for, music. The merits and disadvantages of the sol-fa system are then discussed, and Carl Engel's introduction to the study of national music favourably reviewed. New America is one of the most thoughtful and clever articles which Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon's late work has produced. Led into a discussion upon the rights and privileges of women, the reviewer takes the side of the ladies, and supports their appeal signed by Mr. Jacob Bright and others, which has recently been circulated. The reviewer of Mr. Swinburne's Poetry, whilst admitting that he cannot pardon his selection of themes, enters into a vigorous defence of the poet. He is of opinion that although the outbursts of Chastelard's passion are not quite in accordance with the prudery of age, yet they have a vivid reality which banishes any thought of uncleanness. The merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne are thus summed up:—

"An exuberant fertility of expression, such as Mr. Swinburne is gifted with, degenerates sometimes into a rank overgrowth of verbal conceits and tricks of language; ease in writing, too, lures the poet to dally with trivialities, to pluck flowers and play with pebbles by the wayside, while he should be treading the rugged rising path that leads to the temple of glorious, perfected Beauty. To resist such temptations as have beguiled even greater than he, to go back no further than half a century—Byron and Keats—demands no common vigour of character, no common enthusiasm for art. We have, perhaps, been mistaken in attributing these high qualities to Mr. Swinburne; indolence, or vanity, or erroneous judgment may defeat their operation; but of one thing there can be no doubt. If Mr. Swinburne has earnestly at heart the attainment of artistic perfection, if thereby he desires to touch the higher nature of his fellows, and to take a permanent place in English literature, he will not fail through any natural

incompetency. Fame is not to be won save by self-discipline and humility; art must be wooed through labour and patience. So he hopes to reach these, the poet must learn and unlearn much; but if he falters not in the fight, the prize must fall to him in the end."

The article on "The Hopes and Fears of Reformers" advises the Liberal party to take whatever measures they can get, even though it be proposed by opponents, provided the step is in advance, however slight the advance may be; and the reviewer expresses his conviction that by reform the Crown will gain in actual what it may lose in nominal power. The number concludes with a comprehensive and valuable review of contemporary literature.

The "Policy of Trades' Unions" forms the first article in the *North British Review*, which treats the subject very fairly. The reviewer would not restrict the function of these unions to mere benevolence, and considers that, until something better has been established to supersede them, the remuneration of labour is a legitimate function for them. The "Character of the Old Northern Poetry" is rather a thoughtful and well-written article upon a subject possessing undoubted interest. The article upon "Oyster Fisheries," which appears to have been suggested by the report of the Sea Fisheries Commissioners traces the use of the oyster as an article of food back to a very remote age, and gives a good deal of information, which appears to have been carefully collected, with regard to the price and supply of oysters at the present day. In the article on "Oxford University Extension" the reviewer considers the desirability and importance of University extension generally, and evinces an opposition to endowments for the poor. He also touches upon the reforms required in the constitution of Oxford, and the benefits which would flow from the relaxation of the residence system. The other articles have for their subject George Buchanan, the political writings of Richard Cobden, Victor Cousin, and the Bengal Famine of 1866.

The present number of the *Dublin Review* is chiefly devoted to theological subjects.

SHORT NOTICES.

Simple Sermons. By the Rev. W. H. Ranken. (Rivingtons.)—These devotional discourses are above the average of pulpit harangues in tone, treatment, and argument. It is, notwithstanding, to be regretted that they have taken a permanent form, and have now made an appeal to the general public, who will not find much to interest them in such disquisitions. They share to some extent the common fault of sermons, in so far as they exhibit the preacher's ingenuity in twisting and turning the literal words of a text over in every variety of shape, and ringing so many changes on the mere words quoted. From such verbal disquisitions, large views, close reasoning, and striking imagery, are too often excluded to leave room for the dry technicalities of a particular school of divinity which make the sermons of the present day a sad trial of patience, and their preachers too frequently objects of compassion to some, and objects of contempt to others. The author in his preface trusts that his sermons "may be thought to possess the humble merit of simplicity without childishness." Whatever may be the simplicity of the sermons, it is as nothing compared to the simplicity of their author, who now attempts to satisfy the spiritual appetite of the religious world, with the share ordinarily doled out Sunday after Sunday to the poor "parishioners of Sandford-upon-Thames."

Good Food: What it is, and How to get it. How to Preserve Fruit. Fishing. (Routledge & Sons.)—The first of these little handy-books is by Dr. Lankester; the second is from the pen of Miss or Mrs. Hill, a lady who seems to have an inexhaustible store of culinary receipts. *Fishing* is an unpretentious and well-informed work for those who desire to enter on a course of study in the gentle art. But it does not take the student deep into the mysteries. It is excellent as far as it goes, and where it stops the writer modestly refers us to "Walton, Stoddart, Ephemer, and Salter."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ACTIONS against newspapers have been rather frequent of late, and often for very frivolous reasons. Our Scottish contemporary, the *North British Daily Mail*, was prosecuted the other day on grounds which we must regard as simply vexatious, and we are glad to see that a verdict was given in its favour. The prosecutor was Mr. G. W. Muir, a railway projector. This gentleman had conceived a design for uniting all the railway termini of Glasgow in a central station; and he supplied the *North British Mail* with some information on the subject, which was taken down from his own lips, in shorthand, by a reporter, at the office of the paper. This information was published in the absence of the editor, and, being afterwards complained of as incorrect, was retracted. At the same time it was stated that Mr. Muir was the authority for the original paragraph; and thereupon a discussion ensued between Mr. Muir and the reporter, as to whether the former had or had not "vouched for the accuracy" of the information. Mr. Muir denied this; the reporter affirmed it; and finally the editor observed, in a note to the reporter's letter, that he believed the reporter's version to be the correct one, and he accordingly apologized for the inadvertence by which the statement had found admission into his columns. This note, and a previous remark, that the statement had been allowed to appear "without proper authentication," formed the matter of the alleged libel, it being contended that the *Mail* imputed that Mr. Muir was "a person whose word was not to be believed." Damages were laid at £1,000; but, after a trial of ten hours' duration, the jury, having deliberated for only eight minutes, returned a verdict for the defendants. On behalf of the *North British Mail* it was urged

that the words could not fairly be taken as implying more than simple inaccuracy—a very different thing from wilful untruth; and Mr. Gifford, the leading counsel for the journal, pertinently remarked:—"If every paragraph of this nature that occurs in the newspapers were to be the subject of action of damages, the business of this court would be very largely and very unnecessarily increased, and if every one against whom inaccuracies in point of fact are charged were forthwith to rush into an action of damages, there is not a paper published, I will venture to say, any day of the week, which does not charge either another paper or some correspondent or other with making statements at variance with fact. Why, not one of you, I venture to think, who has been reading the newspapers for the last three or four weeks, but will find there is a direct contradiction between men of the highest respectability on points of fact about which they were in personal communication with each other. I need not refer to names. We have members of Parliament who contradict one another. We have members of agricultural committees, and other committees, who cannot agree as to what took place between them; and if they were, because it was said that their statement was at variance with fact, to rush into an action of damages, or if every newspaper correspondent were to do so, the result would be that you would never be done with actions of damages." There was at one time a tendency in juries to lean with great severity on newspapers, and to make the task of the journalist, from which the public benefit so largely, as difficult as possible, under the impression that press writers were a species of vagabonds and ruffians who must be curbed. A more reasonable sentiment appears now to prevail, and to this our contemporary probably owes its triumph.

A suggestion has been made in the *Bombay Gazette* that we should effect a reform in the spelling of Indian names. The writer observes that the mode of spelling many of these names varies considerably; that often the orthography is perfectly wrong, and such as to obscure the meaning; and that some standard in accordance with etymology should be sought and permanently established. He admits that it would be inconvenient to unsettle the spelling or pronunciation of the names of the three presidency towns; but in the case of less well-known and important places, he would adopt what he calls the Italian system—that is to say, a mode of spelling wherein the vowels would be pronounced in nearly the same manner as in Italy. This, he thinks, would bring us to something like a correct pronunciation of the Hindu words, and save us from much confusion and barbarism. We fear that the suggestion comes too late. In the case of all the well-known towns—not merely the three presidency towns—we are accustomed to a certain form of spelling and pronunciation which it would cause endless trouble to give up. Doubtless it would have been more reasonable had we been exact at first; and it would also have been better had we determined on saying Roma, Napoli, and Firenze, instead of copying the perversions of the French, and talking about Rome, Naples, and Florence. But custom in these matters is worth more than technical accuracy; and so we do not think the *Bombay Gazette* will induce people to call Benares "Bunnarrus," or Futtighur "Fathgarh." Even the authority of Mr. Lane has not yet succeeded in transforming caliph into "Khaleefeh," or vizir into "wezzer."

The writer of the article on Ballads in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* vindicates, in a certain relative way, the moral character of the Seven Dials popular literature. He observes:—"Compared with a volume of the famous 'Roxburghe Ballads,' which range between the years 1560 and 1700, our present five hundred from Seven Dials are models of purity and cleanliness. In the second volume of that famous collection there are about 580 ballads, or broad-sides, printed as ours still are on sheets of the thinnest and commonest paper; and at least three-fourths of these (especially of the later dates) are so grossly, openly indecent, as to be incapable of quotation. A few are slightly political, and refer to such topics as the 'Meal-tub Plot,' and a few to such themes as shipwrecks and naval fights; but the majority are broadly and coarsely amorous; evidently written by persons above the lowest rank, for the express purpose of raising indecent and unclean thoughts in the minds of their readers; not by hinted indelicacy or vulgar coarseness of style, but by studied filthiness. No such nastiness is to be found in the halfpenny ballads of Seven Dials; though there is abundance of slang, vulgarity, and occasional coarseness of expression. For open indecency and grosser pruriency, we must go to a class of songs and song-books, authors and customers, of a higher class; to penny and twopenny and sixpenny packets of uncleanness; to some of the minor music-halls, where delicacies are to be had at a price beyond the reach of the New-cut." This is doubtless but too true. The worst corruption is generally that of the educated and the opulent. The patrons of Holywell-street are persons of wealth, and of some amount of culture; and the standard literature of all countries is deformed by an amount of indecency more subtly vile than the coarse sincerities of Whitechapel or "the Dials."

American oratory is apt to be florid, and a good deal of fun has been made by comic writers in burlesquing it. We do not know whether a report in the *Boston Commonwealth* of a speech on temperance by Senator Yates, is to be regarded as a joke or a reality: but, if genuine, it would be difficult for burlesque to go beyond it:—"After I signed this temperance pledge," said the senator, "I wrote to a little lady out in Illinois, who weighs about a hundred pounds, has black hair and flashing black eyes, and 'a form fairer than Grecian chisel ever woke from Parian marble,' and I received the following answer:—'My dear Richard,—How beautiful is this morning; how bright the sun shines; how sweetly our birds sing; how joyous the children; how happy is my heart. I see the smile of God. He has answered the prayer. Always proud of your success, you have now achieved that success which God and angels will bless. It is the shining summit of human aspiration, for you have conquered yourself. All who love you will aid you to keep the pledge. I love you, my dear boy.—KATIE.' . . . You are here to-night to see the snowy white flag of temperance as it is unfurled over the capitol of your country, as it rises and rises, and unfolds to God, and spreads until it shall cover the whole land, and until there shall not be a drunkard nor a moderate drinker to take

away the bloom from the cheek of female beauty, and until all the hearthstones of this land shall blaze with comfort and joy, and happiness and gladness shall dwell in green freshness there." This outburst, we are told, was received with "tremendous applause." So great an effort certainly deserved recognition.

Dean Stanley will, it is said, bring forward some evidence, in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," to establish what has often been disputed, viz., that Oliver Cromwell's body was actually deposited in a vault in Henry VII.'s chapel, now known as the Ormerod Vault.

We read in the *Guardian*:—"The late Marquis Wellesley's 'Primitiæ et Reliquiæ,' being privately printed and not published, have always been reckoned among scarce and curious books, and much valued by scholars. On its first appearance in 1840, the Rev. Charles Townsend, himself a Latin poet of no mean order, censured the first couplet of the well-known set of verses, 'Salix Babylonica,' which ran thus:—

*Passis mæsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ flenti similis pendet in amne salix.*

Mr. Townsend objected to the words in italics that they ought to have stood *pendet in amnem*. The criticism having been shown by a mutual friend to the noble author, Lord Wellesley wrote to Mr. Townsend, defending his own construction, as 'sanctioned by Ovid, Virgil, and other classical authors.' He adds in his letter (which lies before us in MS.), 'it is peculiarly proper in its application to the weeping willow, which more than any other tree hangs into the water, and whose branches are often actually in the river. I have committed this offence (if it be one) advisedly and with malice. To show which, take these lines:—

*Formosa effigies luctus quæ pendet in amnem
Passis mæsta comis et lacrymosa salix.*

This couplet will serve to show that the expression was not taken in distress for a pentameter."

A discussion has taken place on the question as to who is to be considered the originator of the volunteer movement. The honour is generally assigned to Mr. Tennyson, on account of his famous doggerel verses (for they deserve no better name), "Form, form, rifle-men, form!" But another claimant has appeared in Colonel Richards, the author of a volume of poems which we noticed some months ago; and the Laureate seems to have yielded the point, for we read that he has signified to Captain Bertrand Payne, commanding the 4th Middlesex V. A., hon. secretary of the Richards Volunteer Testimonial Fund, his intention to become a subscriber, and has written to Colonel Richards himself as follows:—"Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, April 19.—I most heartily congratulate you on your having been able to do so much for your country; and I hope that you will not cease from your labours until it is the law of the land that every man child in it shall be trained to the use of arms.—I have the honour to be yours faithfully, A. TENNYSON."

The third anniversary dinner of the Royal Dramatic College, for which Mr. T. P. Cooke bequeathed certain funds, took place at Maybury on Tuesday evening. The deceased actor stipulated that this yearly treat should be given to the officials, council, and pensioners of the College on the birthday of Shakespeare, which was also his own birthday. Mr. Webster (who, we are happy to find, has recovered from his recent illness) presided, and was great on the subject of "the immortal bard." He informed his auditory that the said "bard" was "not for an age, but for all time"—a quotation with which we seem to be familiar; and he also observed that the bard "stood upon a literary eminence peculiarly his own." However, he declined to enter upon any estimate of the bard's genius, because to do so "would be to tell an oft-told tale." It is strange that actors can never get out of these commonplaces whenever they touch upon Shakespeare.

Although we are literally inundated by special and full reports of the Great French Exhibition, we believe that we render our readers some service by calling their attention to the "Compte rendu de l'Exposition Universelle" commenced in the current number of the *Revue Contemporaine*. The respective departments have been intrusted to various competent writers, which plan we consider highly judicious, it being quite impossible for one and the same "hand" to do full justice to the manifold branches of the Exhibition. We may later recur to the articles of the *Revue Contemporaine* on the subject in question, and will for the present limit ourselves to a warm acknowledgment of M. Alphonse de Calonne's impartial appreciation of English merit in his masterly description of the building.

The *Caledonian Mercury*, which claimed to be the oldest newspaper in the kingdom, and which for some months past was issued in the form of an evening halfpenny paper, ceased on Saturday to be published, after an existence (since 1662) of more than two centuries.

Mr. Paul Fosskett, a writer on prophecy, died on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. announce—"The Keys of St. Peter, or the House of Rechab connected with the History of Symbolism and Idolatry," by Ernest de Bunsen, author of "The Hidden Wisdom of Christ, and the Key of Knowledge;" also, "Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice," Sixth Edition, chiefly rewritten and greatly enlarged, and edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records; assisted by numerous contributors eminent in science and familiar with manufactures.

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Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly issue new and cheaper editions of Professor Maurice's books.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

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